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"THE TRIBUTE."

(O'Leary)
NAU

THE TRIBUTE;

A

ISCELLANEOUS VOLUME,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

Joseph O'Leary

With Etched Illustrations,

BY

A CORK ARTIST.

CORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY F. JACKSON, 26, SOUTH MALL.

MDCCCXXXIII.

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TO

WILLIAM CRAWFORD, JUN. ESQ.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANY KINDNESSES, AND AS A TESTIMONIAL (THOUGH A HUMBLE ONE) OF HIGH ESTIMATION AND RESPECT, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

It almost strikes me that an introduction to a little volume so unpretending as this, must have a stiff and awkward appearance: yet, to thrust it into society without one, would look rude and abrupt. What shall I say for it? The old cant of "partial friends" is too maudlin and threadbare; besides, as the matter is not worth telling a lie about, I may as well confess, with Peter Pindar's razor-dealer, that it was "made to sell."

Whatever of literary vanity may have been mixed up with the first thought of publication, has completely oozed out at the point of the pen which corrected the proofs. These tedious readings and re-readings furnish too abundant testimony of the many defects, not to make more experienced authors tremble for the manner in which their literary progeny may be received by the world. How, then, must he feel, who, for the first time, makes the adventure.

The delay which this little volume experienced in its publication, may give expectancy a greater scope; but it will be perceived, by some topics illustratively introduced, that many of the articles were written "from pen to press," though others have been lying for years by the author.

Whatever may be the opinion passed upon the literary merits or intrinsic interest of the volume, no pains have been spared, no expense has been avoided, either by the printer

or publisher, to render "the bringing out" as respectable as possible; and to prove that a Cork press may produce a work, which those of London, Edinburg or Dublin, need not blush to acknowledge. If the author could assure himself that he should satisfy his subscribers in every other respect, as well as, he feels confident, he has done in this, his wishes would be gratified.

For the illustrations which accompany the volume, I am indebted to my ingenious and excellent friend Mr. M'Daniel; who, unsolicited, kindly proffered his service. Of Mr. M'Daniel's talents as an artist it does not become me to speak. His productions are his best panegyric: but, though they tell of his genius and progress in his profession, it requires an acquaintance with the man himself to discover the sterling qualities of head and heart by which he is peculiarly characterised—the retiring and almost timid modesty which ever accompanies true merit.

Two of the illustrations—"When I was a Boy" and the "Justice Hall" from "Passages in the life of an actor"—are by a son of Mr. M'Daniels, not more than thirteen years of age, and are far more graphic than the text they are intended to illustrate. The first is very happily conceived, and executed in the true spirit of comic antithesis. Who could imagine that the two old fixtures, there gossiping of boyish times, were ever other than they are? Their very costume, even to the cane and shoe-buckles, seem part and parcel of their parturition. Wrinkles seem to be their primogenitureship, and grey hairs their birth-right. The first born of Time, he has stamped them, *ab initio*, with

his own impress. Well may the urchins behind turn from their studies, with wondering and incredulous gaze, to hear two half-animated mummies talk of the wild delights of boyhood.

The other, the police office, is equally well designed.—It is strange what intuitive quickness of perception those destined to excel in the limning art exhibit. Who would imagine that a mere child (for he is no more) could acquire such a close intimacy with the details of a police office as this etching displays? But, (after the extraordinary groups which made a part of the late exhibition at the Society of Arts, and in which figures, both of men and animals, were brought together in countless but still novel and natural combinations—confused but not confounded, distinct in the figures and defined in the groupings,) we must not wonder at any conception or execution of this young phenomenon.

In the volume (which must now speak for itself) there are two articles, which in their very nature involve political discussion. In preparing them for publication, the writer did his utmost to avoid giving offence to those who differ with him in opinion. Not because of the support given to his little work by persons of opposite sentiments (though that would be sufficient motive) but that he thinks the only way in which to win men to your views, if they be just, is by calmly and dispassionately supporting them. If he has succeeded in his attempt to do this, he has gained one of the objects he particularly aimed at.

CORK, Feb. 9, 1833.

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PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR

"A ROUND UNVARNISHED TALE."

From my earliest youth I had a great hankering after every thing theatrical. It was first prompted, I believe, by a performance got up in an old loft in my neighbourhood by a grocer's apprentice; and from that night, I gave up all pursuits but those which had a histrionic tendency. I was about seven years old at the time, and read tolerably well. Up to my twelfth year I had never seen a performance in a public theatre, and by a regular company; though in the interval I had frequently assisted in murdering some of our best dramatic writers, and even had the temerity to share myself in the composition of a piece, which its framers had the modesty to call a Drama. Unfortunately, as I then thought, this taste of mine was discountenanced by my parents —not indeed without cause, as it much interfered with my school studies, which I cultivated only in the degree that I thought they may be subsidiary to the histrionic profession which I had resolved to adopt. Every effort to wean me from my new pursuit proved fruitless. When the night of performance came,

though locked in a garret, I'd contrive to escape from my attic prison, over the roofs of the houses, to a neighbouring friend, and thence to the place of performance. When the excitement of the scene was over, and the applause of the audience died away on my ear, "oh! full of scorpions was my my mind dear mother," lest you may have discovered my unauthorised absence, as I repassed the ridgy path to my lofty prison. I mention these matters, merely to shew the early enthusiasm which supported me against the obstacles that in after-times opposed my pursuit.

The death of my father, which took place when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, broke down all bounds between me and my wishes; and though I loved him with a most earnest love, I felt, in spite of myself, some solace in the reflexion that he could no more interfere with my choice of a profession. I must have had some taste, when, in a great theatrical city, I was the first amongst those of my own age—got my choice of characters, and was courted by the various private theatres of the town. But I began to wax weary of this local and circumscribed renown. To be the unrivalled Roscius of private theatricals was too trivial a distinction for my great ambition. I panted to appear where no personal partialities should mingle in the shout that hailed my excellence; to illuminate by my genius the various theatres of the empire, until, at length, upon the boards of old Drury or Covent Garden, I should "tread upon the Kean and Kemble glory."

My great obstacle was the want of money; for I had not the slightest doubt of getting an appearance wherever I applied, and still less of succeeding wherever I appeared.

"Fortune soon granted what my *purse* denied."

Looking one day out of my window, my attention was arrested by a lady seemingly beckoning for me. As my devotion to the drama had entirely prevented my making any female acquaintance, I could not think the sign was for me, until, at length, recognising the features of a girl who made her first appearance as Belvidera to my Jaffier. I flew delighted to meet her. I had a kind of dreamy anticipation of my wishes being about to be consummated. I knew she had joined a travelling, or as the vulgar call it, a strolling company; and took it for granted that the manager, having heard of my transcendent abilities, had sent her with overtures of an engagement. It was not quite so flattering as I expected. The manager *did* want a performer, but the brute had not heard of me; and, but for Mary Anne's suggestion, my golden dream would have yet remained unrealised. One obstacle still stood in my way. The person wanted to fill up the *corps dramatique* was required to be generally useful, and capable of undertaking the juvenile tragedy and light comedy business. Now, though in my own opinion the first tragedian of the day, having played Zanga, Jaffier, Castalio, Sir Edward Mortimer, &c. to crowded houses and with unbounded applause, yet, as my desires never led me to flatter my vanity

in the light comedy line, I was aware of my own incapability in that respect. To say the truth, I despised every thing that bore the semblance of gaiety. My spirit feigned or fancied itself enamoured of melancholy. I could "be sad as night merely for wantonness," and endeavoured to smile like Cassius

> "As if I mocked myself and scorn'd my spirit,
> "That could be brought to smile at any thing."

Had I the framing of a world, at the time, it would have been made with a view to stage effect, and the whole history of man should be wound up into a tragedy plot.

With this disposition it may be imagined how grating it was to me to have it proposed that I should "jig, and amble, and lisp," and do all the buffoonery of comedy. Mary Anne overruled my objections. When the manager became aware of my great tragic powers he would require no other business at my hands, and such an opportunity of developing my talent should not be omitted. I was not difficult of conviction, and the evening was appointed for an introduction to the manager.

How anxiously I waited the hour only those can tell, who, having set their all upon the cast, watch the hazard of the die that turns up success or defeat to every future prospect. I could eat no dinner—I went amongst my books to select some passage in the event of my being asked to recite by the manager. My mind was too hurried and too agitated to allow of any selection. Confidence was beginning to give

way to fear, and for the first time in my life I began to entertain doubts of my extraordinary tragic talent. I even thought it might be possible that I was not destined to supersede the histronic fame of Mr. Kean—nay perhaps be even weighed down by Mr. Macready in the balance. Then, too, for the first time, I took into calculation the differences of tastes, and the difficulties of contending with established reputations; but this doubting mood did not long endure—once more I screwed my courage to the sticking place, and cursed the lagging hours that withheld me from the interview. It appeared as if old time retarded his pace on purpose to annoy me.

The moment, however, at length arrived. I flew to the appointment—rapped—I would have given worlds to recall the knock. My former doubts of my talents began to return, and I even meditated a retreat. Whilst I hesitated the door opened, and in a few minutes I was ushered into the dreaded presence. Mr. C—— was a gay good humoured man, with whom I soon became as familar as our relative situations would permit. I spoke a speech of Sir Giles, from the New Way to Pay Old Debts, which was approved of, and I was retained at a guinea per week as one of Mr. C—'s company of comedians. The salary was small, to be sure, but, with my powers, ten, twenty, one hundred guineas per week, or more, lay in the near prospective. Though a little chargrined at hearing our manager say he would prefer a somewhat trained actor to the best amateur that ever trod the private boards, I took

as I afterwards learned, so great was their dread, they engaged a young man to lie that night in the house, lest in my paroxisms I might do them some bodily injury. The next day threatened to be as dreary as the preceding one, and still no tidings of the manager or the company. Whilst standing wearily, almost despairingly, at the door of my lodgings, a very curious looking person came up, and, with a ceremonious bow said, "How do you sir?" I followed the direction of his eye, which glanced past me into the hall, to see whom it was he saluted, but finding the place empty, concluded the compliment was intended for myself, and returned his bow. "Beg pardon," he said, "for addressing you so abruptly, but hearing you were of Mr. C—'s company of comedians, I thought—as a brother actor, and as there are none of the corps in town but you and I—that it was better break through ceremonials and introduce myself. My name is Tully—I have been in town since yesterday, regret I did not know you were here sooner, or I should not have passed the lonely and disagreeable night I did last. We actors are social dogs and hate solitude." Chesterfield in one of his letters, says of Cicero, that, if he spoke his orations in a blanket, more would come to laugh at than admire him. The Irish Mr. Tully was certainly not much indebted either to nature or art for his appearance or costume. He was a low set man, of a dingy brown colour. A profusion of black, thickly-matted, coarse, curling hair, escaping from a little hat, almost the shape of a lamp cover, and

quite as napless, fell over the collar of his coat, and in front made an alliance with eye brows from under whose black projection peered forth a pair of small, dark, and fiery eyes, like angry ferrets from their skulking holes, and as opposed in their motions as the buckets of a draw well—when one looked up the other looked down, when one turned to the right the other inclined to the left, and so on through all their movements. It was owing to this obliquity of vision that I did not at first understand his salute as intended for me. Mr. Tully's dress was as unique as his appearance. Besides the hat I just mentioned, he had on a little green frock with yellow buttons, which, having served its full time to some smart serving-man, was now, with aid of patching and darning, converted into a *toga virilis* for this namesake of the Roman orator. Of his waistcoat—if he had any—little can be said, save that it was

"Curtain'd from the sight
"Of this gross world,"

his coat being buttoned up to his throat, round which was fastened a stock whose colour would defy the ablest distinguisher of hues to give it a name; and over that arose a clean white collar, through which his face appeared like a piece of candied almond, where some of the crusting was broken off. His nether end was tightly embraced in a pair of lightish web pantaloons, displaying knees which, after the fashion of his eyes, kept a most respectful distance—

"Like lovers who have parted in hate"—

yet the difference seemed likely to be composed, at some period or other, by the very close connexion which his ancles still preserved. His pantaloons were finished by a pair of gaiters, that had once been black; answering the double purpose of concealing his want of stockings, and, at the same time, covering the innumerable patches of his tattered shoes.

This gentleman's appearance did not much prepossess me in favor of the company; and, but for the phrase "brother actor," which sounded flatteringly on my ear, I would certainly have refused him the honor of my acquaintance. The easy air of familiarity which he had acquired in the course of his professional wanderings, together with an assumed foppery of tone, that to my inexperience exhibited the gentleman breaking through the cloud of his rags, somewhat reconciled me to the man. I invited him to my apartments, and he staid for dinner, even less loth than Milton's Eve—I defy the critic though it seems a bull.

The pleasure of dining for the first time with a *real* actor—rather a shabby one to be sure but that was no great matter—raised my spirits considerably. His presence was a proof that the company would come (a matter of which I had begun to entertain considerable doubts) and I hailed him as the harbinger of my future glory. We passed the evening pleasantly; and, to give my guest some notion of my acquirements, I contrived to interlard my conversation with numerous quotations from the Roman,

being before and around me. That one hiss put to flight in an instant the treasured hope of years. I knew I could not play Frank in such a manner as to win much approbation; but I expected that my exquisite reading would not only save me from censure, but ensure me respect. I absolutely grinned furiously at the quarter from whence the hateful sound proceeded. This exhibition of impotent rage produced a shout of laughter from the entire audience, which was immediately succeeded by three distinct rounds of ironical applause. I understood the cutting cruelty—it went at once to my heart, and, with a pang so fierce, that I am satisfied the least insensible of the audience, if he knew what I suffered, would have pitied me. I went on doggedly through the remainder of the part, and at its conclusion retired to my lodging. Had the mood I then indulged continued for a week, I should have hated my kind for ever. I was too young, and, even yet, too confident to despair. What did the ignorant boobies of a country town know of reading? My style was too chaste and delicate for their conception. If I out-heroded Herod—If I tore a passion to tatters, to very rags to split the ears of groundlings, why, I would be a star with those blockheads, who were capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I read Hamlet's advice to the players, and comforted myself with the reflection that a metropolitan audience would do justice to my excellencies.

Matters proceeded on thus for some time. Night after night I went on for some stupid walking gentle-

man, or stick of a lover, and night after night was I greeted with the same ironical applause. But it affected me nothing; I had steeled my heart against it, and consoled myself with the sweet revenge I would have on these Goths, as I passed through their town on my way to the neighbouring city, starring it from London, a living stigma on their taste and discernment. This thought gave me great delight, and I even began to find a pleasure in their insulting applause. In some of the lovers I might have gone on respectably enough, but for the vanity of the manager's wife, who chose all the comedy heroines: a fat fubsy woman, about forty; the very antipodes of sentiment, and for whom even George the fourth could entertain no predilection. Had I played to any of the younger and prettier actresses, their persons might have inspired me, but I felt that to simulate passion for her would be too ludicrous.

At length my fortunate star shone out. I was cast for Saib in the Castle Spectre; but, Hassan falling sick, and having a very quick study, I undertook to get up in the part at an unusually short notice. The night of performance arrived. I came out, as usual, with my arms folded, but such an entrance was in perfect keeping with the sullen and mysterious Hassan. I had taken great trouble with my dress, and really looked the part. I was received with the accustomed applause, and bowed as to a mark of merited approbation. This produced a laugh; but, as I proceeded, I was heard with a good deal of attention, and some encouraging murmurs;

until, at length, at the conclusion of the speech in which Hassan recites and mourns over his former happiness, the whole house joined in one loud burst of genuine applause.

Not Franklin when he succeeded in bringing down the lightning from the electric cloud felt half such rapture as I, when I brought down *that* thunder.—The fountains of love and humanity, which contempt and derision had frozen up, re-opened in my heart, and I could have kissed the whole audience, man, woman, and child; nay even the greasy lamplighter might have shared my embraces. It was with difficulty I restrained the tears of delight that rushed to my eyes whilst I got through the remainder of the scene. The manager, when I came off, shook hands with, and congratulated me; asking why I did not play always thus. I replied rather bitterly—for it struck me that he envied the applause which I more than shared with his principal character Osmond—"that he never before afforded me the opportunity." The remainder of the night confirmed my triumph. I threw some touches of spirit and animation even into the walking gentleman for which I was cast in the farce, and contrived to make love to the manager's fat wife with some appearance of ardour. As I passed through the town next day, I had the gratification to enjoy the *digito monstrari* feeling, and the *dicier hic est*. My opinions in the green-room were more attended to, my cast of parts, though not equalling my expectations, was improved, and the *actresses* were more anxious to have my arm in a

walk. It is very strange that the approbation of an audience, so Bœotian as I taught myself the people of F—— were, should give me such satisfaction; but I believe from the night on which I played Hassan so successfully, they began to rise in my estimation. Just as I was about to realise my golden dream, I received a letter from my mother, who, by some means, heard of my whereabout—commanding my presence at home within three days, or, in the event of my not complying, threatening to come in person and fetch me. My mother's eagerness to have me home was, I believe, increased by her dread of some love affair between me and Mary Anne; but she might have made her mind quite easy in that respect, for I was so engrossed in my professional pursuits, that not even Venus herself could win me from my studies. It gave me some pain to leave the company; but, as the next weeek (passion week), would be a vacation without salary, and as my purse was rather low, there was no alternative. A circumstance occurred on the evening before my departure, which tended not a little to lessen my regret. I was walking with two others of the company through a remote part of the town, when a fellow from amongst a crowd of others, who were engaged in "pitch and toss," bawled out to one of his companions—"Jack, Jack, look at the three showmen!!!" This was too much—a professor of a liberal art—a living illustrator of the immortal Shakspeare, to be called a showman!!! My gorge rose at it. I resolved never again to subject myself

to such an indignity. I had acquired a knowledge of what is technically called stage business in Mr. C—'s company, and my intention was to study severely at home, avail myself of such advantages as the private theatres held out for practical improvement, and ultimately demand an appearance on the Dublin or London boards. With this resolution I took leave of the company, and set out for home next morning. Thus ended my first attempt.

On my return home, I re-organised the private companies which had been broken up during my absence, and again rejoiced in the performance of Othello and Macbeth. One day during rehearsal I was told a person wished to speak with me. It was poor Harry Warren, one of my late brother actors, a man of greater and more varied abilities than I ever met in the profession, and one who but for his inveterate attachment to the bottle, would have realised a handsome fortune on the stage. He had been a respectable shopkeeper in Belfast, but business beginning to decline, I believe through his own neglect, he adopted the stage and succeeded rapidly. His extraordinary social powers unfortunately for himself made him a universal favourite; his studies were neglected; he was dismissed from the Metropolitan Theatre for absence on a night of performance, and sunk lower and lower through the provincial theatres, until I found him the star of Mr. C—'s company with a salary of five and twenty shillings per week. There was no line in the profession which he could not fill respectably, but though

like myself he set out as a tragedian, his principal *forte* lay in broad comedy, and his performances in that way were the most humourous exhibitions I ever witnessed, and executed without the slightest tendency to caricature. Warren used tell a story of the late George Cook, which may be worth reciting, Cook made him a favorite when they played together in Dublin, and one night invited him to take a glass of punch at his lodgings after the performance, a compliment which Warren gladly accepted. After a few jugs had been discussed, Cook spoke of Warren's future prospects, complimented him on his talents, advised him of all things to be temperate in his habits and to avoid the temptations into which his too social disposition would be likely to lead him.

"You know, my dear Warren—fill your glass my boy—you know a young fellow like you, who can sing a good song, tell a pleasant story, or keep up a spirited conversation—fill your glass lad—will be always in request; but that's not the way to make yourself acquainted with your author—your health; or hit out new points which may catch an audience."

"No indeed sir."

"Well then—why the devil dont you fill your glass?—my advice to you is to avoid company—avoid drinking. I know the consequences of it, my lad; it has been my ruin—Here, Mrs. Brady, another jug."

"No more to night Mr. Cooke,—I'll give you no more to night; you had quite enough."

"*You wont,* Mrs. Brady? do you hear that?"

and smash went the jug and glasses—"see here, my dear Warren, this is the consequence of drinking, let it be a warning to you." "Wont you give the other jug, Mrs. Brady?" "No Mr. Cooke."

"Do you hear that Mrs. Brady?" He flittered a pier glass.

"You'll be sorry for it, in the morning Mr. Cooke."

Thus he went on, calling for punch, demolishing the furniture as it was refused, descanting on the consequences of excess, and pointing to himself and his conduct as illustrations. Yet the same Warren, who told this story, and had such an example before his eyes, indulged to a most brutal excess; and frequently kept his bed for a fortnight with the whiskey bottle beside him. But to turn to my story,

The passion-week recess broke up Mr. C—'s company. The loss of a week's salary was more than they could endure; and they separated in two's and three's, *gagging** through the country. Mary Anne—and the news proved to me that my heart took a greater interest in her than it imagined—*my* Mary Anne, whom I believed to be

"Chaste as the icicle
"That's curdled by the frost from purest snow
"And hangs on Dian's temple,"

had run away with a Captain Phillips, and left her debts unpaid at the lodgings to which I introduced her. Mary Anne! whom I imagined beyond

* Gagging—a theatrical technical for small travelling parties, who, too few to perform entire pieces, gave scenes from popular plays, songs and recitations, in barns or ball-rooms, as *fortune* frowned or favored.

all sensual passion, wholly absorbed in the love of the noble art, to which, from our youth upwards, we both devoted ourselves with such entire abandonment, and whose fame I deemed would have gone down with mine own to an admiring posterity. It was too bad. However, I resolved to go on with my studies, and be "myself alone."

Warren's business in —— was to endeavour, through my influence, to raise a few pounds in the way of benefit at one of the private theatres, and then join a company some sixty miles off. This was easily effected; but, so slow are the motions of private theatricals, almost the entire produce of the benefit was consumed before the piece was brought out. On the night of performance, Warren, who—being an incomparable mimic—was to give imitations of celebrated actors, lay as usual dead drunk behind the scenes. Being roused up by the call boy, he staggered forward to the foot-lights, with his hat on, and began—"You all knew George Cooke," (hisses) "damn ye, did ye know George Cooke," (renewed hisses mixed with laughter). At length he was suffered to go on, and gave the imitations in so masterly a style as to win the most unmingled approbation, notwithstanding his drunkenness and his filthy appearance; but we could never attempt another benefit for him. The poor fellow was in a most deplorable condition, when fortunately the Dublin company came to our town, wanting exactly such a man as Warren; and, though they knew his courses, *they were compelled* to engage him, more especially

as it was to be hoped his late sufferings would exercise some influence on his habits, and he was enrolled at a salary of three guineas a week. Boy as I was, I gave him the best advice in my power, and he promised to be cautious. On the night of performance I called on him early, anxious to be inducted into the green room of a Theatre Royal, and to gaze more closely at the stars, whose splendour I was shortly destined to outshine. Warren was at a theatrical tavern in the neighbourhood whither I pursued him. The hour of performance arrived, and I urged him to the theatre; but he was deep in a discussion, and seemed inclined rather to give up his engagement than abandon his debate. Hour after hour passed in entreaties on my part, and stupid excuses on his. Some person had to read his character of Michael in the Adopted Child; and Warren lost his engagement, with whatever little hope remained of a character for punctuality in his profession. In a short time after, some friend procured him an humble situation in one of the public offices in Dublin, where he died of the bottle; adding one instance more to the melancholy catalogue of great powers perverted, and noble minds o'erthrown.

Before his departure he advised me earnestly against pursuing the profession; but, finding my attachment too strong to be shaken, he gave me a few general rules which I found of the highest importance; and corrected my pronunciation, which,

notwithstanding my high hopes of theatrical preferment, was at the time extremely barbarous—as thus in the following passage:—

"Not *hair* me? By my sufferings but you shall.
"My Lord, my Lord, I'm not the abject thing
"You think me—Patience!!
"Why, where's the distance throws me back so far,
"But I may boldly *spake* my mind in right,
"Though proud oppression will not *hair* me?

I now gave myself up to my dramatic studies with increased ardour; and though private theatricals, in defiance of all my exertions to keep them alive, rapidly declined; I still, in the solitude of my apartment, devoted myself to the excellencies of the art. Notwithstanding my resolution not to appear again but in a metropolitan theatre, an opportunity offered which I could not resist—more especially as two of my friends whose talent did not clash with mine, were about to join the same company. The manager was a Mr. S. a townsman of my own, and one who had acquired considerable reputation as a tragedian, in a large amateur company of more pretension than any of those in which I used to perform; inasmuch as they played in the Theatre Royal, and for the benefit of extended charities, whilst our theatre was a store, and some poor individual the object of our bounty. Mr. S. was considered a first-rate Octavian —even the rival of Kean in that particular character, and was to open in it the very night I joined the company at Y——. Never was any fame so ill-founded as that which Mr. S. had acquired. He had a good person, a splendid voice, an expressive face, a speaking eye; in short all the physical qualities of

what, I was sure, he considered a third rate character, The Dane was young, noble, generous, and in love—his language was in the stiltish style in which young actors delight, and well besprinkled with those high flown sentimentalisms, known to the profession by the title "clap-traps." We had but one copy of the piece amongst the entire company; and, though it was past twelve o'clock on the night previous to the performance when it came to my turn, I was dead perfect at the next day's rehearsal. Just as I was about to drink from the full cup of renown it was dashed from my lips. Before the rehearsal closed a letter came from my home, stating that a favorite sister was dying, and requiring my immediate presence. The latter clause was unnecessary. I was about to set out on the instant; but the manager, anxious for the integrity of his piece, proved to me that I could not by any possibility arrive earlier than I should by waiting for the morning coach. I was obliged to remain; but all traces of the language which I had so perfectly committed in the morning faded from my memory. I knew all the business, the situations, the exits, the entrances, even the cues; but not a line of my own text, and every effort to recover it proved fruitless. I re-wrote it in a large and legible hand, and gave the copy to a friend who promised to feed me with it from the side-scene. As I proceeded he found his situation a sinecure. I neither looked to him or the prompter—I felt myself totally independent of them. The sense of the text, though not the words, was perfect in my memory. I made a blank verse which the admiring

actors pronounced superior to the author's; and, if telling with the audience was a test, their loud and frequent applause gave me additional assurance.—That was my proudest night since I made the stage my profession, but I was obliged to leave it in the midst of my glory. On my return home, expecting nothing but wail and sorrow, I was astonished to hear loud laughing voices in the garden, and to see my grandfather quietly amusing himself weeding a flower plot. On entering the house I found my sister, almost recovered, chatting with some friends. Her illness had been made use of as a snare to wile me back. I was savage at having my fortune thus marred in its promise; but pitied rather than blamed the silliness of those, who, by thus thwarting my views, snatched away from me the wealth I had resolved to share with them.

An interval of more than a year elapsed. I began to turn my thoughts to other objects, and to pursue new studies. A volume of Locke fell in my way, and I became for a time philosophical. Some works of Byron and Moore made me poetical. I attended a Catholic meeting and became political. The great consideration now was to which of these pursuits should I totally devote myself. "Divine philosophy," powerful as it is, made but a feeble stand against the fascinations of the other two, and I resolved with Romeo to "hang it up:" but between poetry and politics the contest was of a more doubtful character. 'Twas a delightful thing to be wooed by little misses for "album verses," "lines on a lin-

net," "ode to a pug," &c.; and hear sweet lips pronounce them charming, and very like Moore. Besides it was pleasant to recline—no poet ever sits—in a bower, with an open shirt collar, and string verses together—which I found I could do with considerable facility. But then politics—the large meetings; the dead silence when some new orator rises to address the chair; the heightening applause, growing as he proceeds, until some swelling period of peculiar emphasis, bound round with indignant denunciation, and flung in the teeth of the obnoxious minister, elicits thunders of approbation, to which even the greeting of the gallery gods is but a sleepy hum. The eager faces of the listening crowd, lighting up with deeper and intenser interest, and closing in more compactly towards the orator as he wins them into kindling sympathy with his sentiments, until their whole hearts are his to set them to what cause he will. The solemn pause of rapt admiration when the shouts amidst which he concludes die away. The dread of him who moves the next resolution, lest his brilliancy may be eclipsed by the splendor of this new luminary, which has shot up with such dazzling brilliancy upon the political horizon. The swollen compliments of all the succeeding speakers to "the very eloquent young gentleman, who had that day so delighted the meeting by his powerful display; and who, in his own person, gave an additional instance of the impolicy of those laws which prohibited such towering talents from being devoted to the service of the country."—

The rush of the crowd, when the meeting separates, to catch a glance at the new and successful candidate for oratorical renown. The "who is he?" "which is he?" "what! that *young* man?" The dinner party made up on the instant—the congratulations of friends; the health of the orator; his brilliant reply; the night of intoxicating glory. The return home where the winged news has flown before you, g laddening the hearts of those who "knew you only wanted the opportunity of winning the laurels which you wear," and who had, with greedy ears drunk in the joyous intelligence, that your speech surpassed even the "Counsellor's." This—this distinction, which nobody condemned, which all applauded—was it to be compared to the reputation of even the most successful actor?

But the mania would have its way; again my last manager came to—— again he was in want of a tragedian; two of my friends had arranged to go with him; I was not difficult of persuasion, and once more I became a stroller. Our destination was a city some sixty miles off, and farther from home than I had ever been before, either in theatrical or other pursuits. The time passed there rather agreeably; my cast of parts was improved, and I was rising in reputation. We had quiet respectable lodgings, and made some strange but amusing acquaintance. One fellow in particular, a guager, a tremendous still-hunter, but, with that exception, an honest fellow, gave me the strongest instance of what cool determined impudence could do that I ever witnes-

mixture of ranks, classes, and characters. Every night they watched us at the theatre—had supper served out in a neighbouring tavern, and, whether we would or not, compelled us to be their guests. On the night but one before our departure, the Fuans had resolved to entertain us in all their glory, and with a full "let out." Their place of meeting was in the part of the city called the old town. Why should I deny to name it? It was Limerick—the city of old and hallowed recollections—the one bright spot in the history of Anglo-Ireland.

About half-past seven, a deputation from the Fuans waited upon us to conduct us to their sanctum; an honor, as we understood, never before conferred upon strangers. It was a wild gusty evening early in November, and, as we passed from the brilliantly-illuminated and elegant streets of the New town, through the dark, dingy, and narrow passes which led to the old, and in which I had not been before after night-fall, I thought I never felt any place, pretending to population, so cheerless and desolate. No light illuminated the Cimmerrian gloom save some solitary twinklings, which, few and far between—feebly emitted from a rushlight in some miserable huckster's shop—with difficulty insinuated their sickly rays through the sombre interstices that opened between turf, pipe-clay, salt herrings, brown buns, and all the other heterogeneous substances that form the stock-in-trade of these *humble* dealers.

Though affecting jocularity, I felt not very easy in this gloomy and forbidding-looking place; which my Fuan conductors observing, affected an air and tone of mystery that added not a little to the unpleasantness of my feelings. We at length arrived at our place of destination. It was in a once respectable but now totally deserted street, over which total darkness and desolation brooded—not even broken by the faint rays which only served to make the darkness visible in the earlier part of our route. We were ushered in through a long, and, as it seemed to me, an interminable passage. At length sounds of wild jollity broke on our ears; and after a few forms of affected ceremony, we were introduced into the sanctum of the Fuans.

Such a motley set! Our previous acquaintance with the play-going portion had in some measure prepared us for some disregard of the ranks and forms of society, but not for the total abandonment of them which was here exhibited. The chief personage in the entire assembly appeared to be a blind piper, of some musical taste, whom they designated the bard of the Fuans; and who was arrayed in a tasteful and highly onamented collar, to which was appended a harp, richly wrought in gold and green, and rounded with wreaths of shamrock. The next in authority was our theatrical tailor—a rolicking good humoured fellow, in comfortable circumstances. Indeed the men in office seemed to be generally selected from the humbler classes, and their sway, *exact though* not severe, was submitted to by the

broad-cloth gentry, with a promptitude of obedience which I never saw equalled. I remarked on it to one of the friends by whom I was introduced, and he assured me that notwithstanding the familiarity of address and the freedom of intercourse in which they indulged on these occasions—the title Mr. being "tabood"—they returned, when all was over, to the most exact punctilio of general usage. The room into which we were ushered was an apartment of immense size, wainscoted, and I believe even ceiled, with old black oak as dark as ebony. In one corner was an immense bedstead, emulating that of Ware in its gigantic dimensions, which served as the receptacle of the slain in these social combats. An immense supper-table occupied the centre of the apartment. At the other end black bottles containing various beverages—wine, whiskey, beer and porter were piled up in one corner, whilst heaps of well-proportioned oysters crowded the other.

Our arrival was the signal for the onset, and the oysters, which they seemed only to use as appetisers, vanished with amazing rapidity. A substantial supper followed, which the company fell upon with unabated vigour. Notwithstanding the hiliarity which prevailed around, my spirits for a while refused to partake in the general enjoyment. The gloomy appearance of the apartment, which no light, however strong could dissipate; the mysterious manner of our entrance, affected though it evidently was; and the wild, hoarse rushing of the swollen Shannon (for the apartment overlooked that noble

river) combined to make me silent and thoughtful. A thousand strange suspicions as to the character of the motley group around me forced themselves on my mind, but the most abiding one was that they were men combined in some desperate confederacy. Nothing else could in my opinion so well account for the total disruption and disregard of all the distinctions by which society is classified. "Yes, I thought, they must be men engaged in some hazardous design pregnant with danger. The crisis is near—this is the saturnalia of their forlorn hope—they are resolved to be merry before they go, and here am I and my unsuspecting companions innocently involved in the perhaps ruinous consequences." But reflection was of no use. I shook off my melancholy, and entered the full tide of their mirth regardless of the issue.

Never yet, in the most select society—I mean of course of hard drinkers—did I perceive old Flaccus' rule, of "protecting blushing Bacchus from bloody strife"* more strictly attended to. Amongst the persons present was an officer in the army, another in the preventive service, a person in a confidential situation at the custom-house, and a junior partner in some brewery or distillery. Songs, toasts, and speeches were the order of the night. Being somewhat of a talker and a rhymer, I spoke some sounding speeches, sung some strings of rhyme, which I

* "Verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis."

called songs, made extemporaneously on those around me, and became a universal favorite. At about one o'clock our company became very thin. Some had staggered home, some were stowed away in the bed, and at last all agreed upon breaking up. There were five or six whose way lay with our's. Amongst the rest, the custom-house gentleman, the distiller, the theatrical tailor, and Tully. My two companions played upon the clarionet; our entertainers insisted upon a tune, and, in spite of my remonstrances, Garryowen and Patrick's Day rung through the silent and empty streets, mingled with the exulting whoops of our Limerick friends, whom the sounds stirred up to a frenzy of excitement.

We passed safely through the old town, and were going on as quietly through the new, when the vocal accompaniments swelled into such a discord of fierce sounds, that as old Naso says,

Ictus, longis ululatibus, Æther
Movit—

and in faith Mr. Air moved to some purpose; for he jogged down, on a trotting breeze, as far as the police-office, and there lodged his complaint of assault and battery, bringing a thousand echoes (to say nothing of the watch) in support of his charge. "When sorrows come they come not single spies but in battalions." A troublesome policeman put a tag to Æther's charge, accusing us of riot, treason, and whiteboyism. The policeman's complaint was, of course, more promptly attended to.

A deputation was despatched to inform us, that, seeing we were "travellers of the night," and probably otherwise unprovided for, preparations were making for our reception in the round tower, or round house, or some such respectable mansion.

Unconscious of the compliment intended we journeyed on, I, as was my wont, lagging behind; and, made "most musical most melancholy" by my potations, addressing the moon in the following lugubrious stanzas—

Oh! thou who shed'st so pure a lustre here!
  Pale tenant of the blue and vaulted sky!
Thou seems't the bright, yet melancholy sphere,
  Where hearts which sorrow loves, could wish to fly.

I bless thy beam, thou chilly orb of night!
  I love to gaze upon thy pale cold face;
To wander by thy melancholy light,
  And find some wild and lonely resting-place,

Where I may sit me——

Here I was interrupted by a touch on the shoulder, and, turning round, a serjeant of police invited me to visit his office. I did not relish the invitation; but, as he was accompanied by three other stout fellows, all well-armed, I feared they may not feel pleased at my refusal. My former suspicions as to the character of my acquaintance returned—more especially as I saw preparations for fight going actively forward amongst them: such as tying up stones in the ends of their pocket-kerchiefs, buttoning up their coats, squaring their

commencement of a noble exordium by the Major telling him he was drunk.

"Drunk," says Tully, who, though he had suppressed, was still "nursing his wrath to keep it warm,"—"Drunk!" and he levelled an indignant look at the Major, which, by some fortunate angle of incidence, reverted upon me. "If, as a gentleman—"

Here the custom-house officer took up the argument, but in a style so oracular, and so evidently full of a strong inspiration, that the court either would not or could not understand its mystic meaning.

Resolving to try what a plain statement of facts would effect, unadorned by the vivid and strong epithets in which those who preceded me indulged, I took up the narration, and begun by informing the Major that three of us were strangers, not acquainted with the habits of the city, and not aware of any harm in playing through the streets.

"Strangers?"—Who are the strangers?" he asked, rather quickly, and in a tone that seemed not to augur favorably to us.

I pointed to my two companions.

"And pray what's your business in this town?"

"We belong to Mr. S—'s company of comedians."

"Oh!"—

"and, being about to leave to-morrow, were invited by these gentlemen to pass the evening with them We sat rather long—and were somewhat noisy going home; but not to the extent that the serjeant would

make it appear. My two companions play upon the clarionet, and, being asked for a tune as we came along, did not hesitate to comply."

The Major lectured us on the impropriety of breaking the quiet of the city, at such an hour, and at such a disturbed time. If he acted with severity, he said, he would have us locked up for the night; but, as he knew some of the party to be respectable, (he looked at our custom-house friend) we may go quietly to our homes, on a promise of appearing again in the morning.

"But he that sent me to the d—l?" asked the serjeant.

"Be silent, sir."

We thanked the Major for his lenity, and departed.

'Twas rather fortunate for us that we left the Fuans. Though they all insisted on being gentlemen, and would on no account drink punch before dinner; they quieted their scruples by calling it "flip" in the morning, and "hot grog" during the day. During the evening it rejoiced in its more legitimate denomination.

Our next destination was Ennis—a small, but as I understood spirited little town for theatricals, about twenty miles from Limerick. The manager not having wherewithal to send us by one of the stages, we consented to set out on foot, getting an occasional lift on the carts which carried the scenery. My two companions, having a taste for painting, had to set out before the others of the company to refresh the theatre, and I resolved to go with them.

We started before the carts, and had scarcely got two miles beyond the city, when my friends seeing a point of view from a neighbouring hill, went up to make a sketch. I walked slowly on the road, spouting out of my book of characters, some ranting passage from Bulcazim Muley, in which I was to open, when, at a sudden turn, I was near being run down by a gig, occupied by a military gentleman and another in colored clothes, and followed by two dragoons. Annoyed at being caught in my ranting humour I stared them out of countenance, and turned to look after them. I perceived that the two sketchers on the hill attracted their attention. They stopped the gig to observe them, and having waited a little while, as if in consultation, frequently turning from them to me, at last drove away. We passed by Cratlow Wood, famous for whiskey and Whiteboyism, and left the noble ruin of Bunratty Castle behind us. At a little town (I think it is called Newmarket) we stopped to bait at a snug public-house, and had abundance of bread, butter, cheese, and porter—with a little of the native. In the midst of a hearty repast the thought struck us "had we enough of cash to cover the expense?" On strict inquiry our whole stock proved to be no more than one shilling and eleven pence halfpenny, whilst—as near as we could calculate the items—the bill amounted to two shillings and three pence. This put a sudden pause to our hitherto vigorous mastication. I volunteered to go out and explain the matter to the landlady; but feeling it too repugnant

a business to acknowledge that three respectable-looking lads, travelling twenty miles, had but one and eleven pence halfpenny for their expenses, I travelled along the road, ungenerously enough leaving my companions to settle it as they could.

On joining me they were quite wroth at my desertion, but I soon won them into an explanatory mood. When they found I had *cut*, they called in the landlady and told her they had but so much small change. She said it was no matter—the amount was but two pence over (we had miscalculated) and, beside, they had left as much of the provisions as would amount to that. On this they waxed more confident, and spoke of changing a five pound note; but the poor woman would not hear to it, saying, if they insisted on giving the difference, they could pay it on their return.

As I went along the way, I took every opportunity of conversing with the peasantry by the road side. They were very anxious to hear news from the disturbed districts, and evinced an inclination to "do likewise." I endeavoured to prove to them the folly of these partial and undigested insurrections; and to shew them that, even where oppression seemed to warrant resistance, some prospect of success was required to render it justifiable. Though apt enough for the *practise*, they did not at all appear inclined to enter into the *philosophy* of rebellion. My friends were not politicians, and did not much relish these conversations. They appeared to think that the adventure of the evening before should have checked my political propensities.

Within about five miles of Ennis, and about an hour of night-fall, we overtook a servant-sort of man, who, in consequence of the approach of night and the loneliness of the way, requested permission to join us—undertaking, at the same time, to shew us a short cut of more than a mile through the fields. We willingly consented. Our new fellow-traveller was an intelligent lad, and well acquainted with the neighbourhood. He pointed out to me the different gentlemens' places, as we passed them, and gave me brief sketches of their characters. Shortly after we passed Clare Castle, and within about three quarters of a mile of Ennis, the same gig which we had seen in the morning, similarly attended, drove by us. Perceiving that the persons in it eyed us narrowly, I inquired of my new acquaintance whether he knew them. It was Major W. he said, and the Colonel of the Scotch Greys, after a visit, he supposed, to Major D. at Limerick.

Just as we got into Ennis, my two friends being some yards a-head, talking of the sketches they had made, my fellow traveller observed "I wonder what the police are about?"

"I looked round; but not perceiving them, asked "Where are they?"

"There they are, Sir," he replied, "in colored clothes."

I looked again, and then turning to my companion, was about to say I could not recognise them, when I found he had absconded. I moved on to overtake my friends; the footway was narrow and

filled up by three or four persons, who intervened between them and me. I put my hand on the shoulder of the nearest, requesting he would let me pass, when he immediately seized me by the collar, and, presenting a pistol to my head, said "you are my prisoner."

"Indeed?"

"Yes—Where do you come from?"

"Limerick"

"Where are you going?"

"To Ennis."

"What is your business?"

"I suspect you are of the police—I'll see your chief—your employer."

My two friends turned round to ascertain what was the matter, and were rather astonished to learn that they had been prisoners for the last fifteen minutes, without knowing any thing about it. The police had been playing around us from the moment of our entrance; and the servant (if such he was) either by dexterity or their connivance, slunk away from us the moment he found himself in such suspicious company. We were conducted to the police-office; and our first appearance in Ennis certainly procured us a more crowded attendance, few as we were, than any we could boast of after, even with the full strength of the company.

The first question asked by the examining clerk was "Where is the fourth? We have informations against four."

I informed him that the person he inquired after was a stranger, who joined us about four miles out

of the town: but who, the moment he saw the police myrmidons, cut our company.

"You had books," the clerk said, "and appeared to have been taking sketches of the localities."

I replied "Pray have you double informations? From the time we were joined by the fourth person, the sketch-books were not used nor seen by any person."

"You are here," he said, "to answer, not to ask questions."

He then inquired our business, which I told him. He appeared somewhat confounded. It was evident that the Major and Colonel were the informants; and it would be a pretty joke if it got abroad, that three strolling actors, travelling from one town to another, had set the whole military and constabulary force of Ennis, with their sapient Dogberrys, in motion: yet upon causes more trifling authority in Ireland, has been roused to mightier action.

"How am I to know," he asked, "that you are what you represent yourselves?"

"We cannot tell, unless you take our words for it."

Just then I remembered that we had an unsealed note from our manager, to a Mrs. B., whose husband was sheriff, or jailer, or both, requesting that she would furnish us with lodgings and whatever else we required.

This was forwarded to some unseen power in another apartment, by whom it was deemed satisfactory, and sent back, with an apology for having caused us so much trouble.

I inquired "Whether the town was so disturbed as to render it necessary that all strangers entering after night-fall, should be seized by the collar, pistols presented to their heads, and dragged to the police-office to undergo so strict a scrutiny and with such mobs at their heels?"

"No, but they had informations against us—we came under suspicious circumstances, and it was desirable to guard that part of the country from the insurrectionary spirit which prevailed elsewhere."

I could perceive that their doubts were not quite removed; for, learning that we were strangers in the town, under the pretence of directing us to Mrs. B. and with a view, as they said, of keeping off the crowd, a serjeant of police was directed to attend us to our lodging. His object was evidently to try us further; for he did not bid us good night until Mrs. B. having read our letter of introduction, desired us to walk in. We took a comfortable supper; and after having in a good glass of whiskey punch drank "confusion to all peelers and policemen," "shut up in measureless content."

I was astonished, in walking through the town next day, to have heard so much of the beauty of Limerick women, and not a word of the lovely girls of Ennis. Never before did I see so many beautiful faces clustered into so small a space. Every window and door-way presented an houri—and they looked so—half boldly, half bashfully—like some wild but lovely dwellers of the desert, who saw man for the

first time, and stood unresolved whether to fly *to* or *from* him. It seemed the very dwelling-place of feminine fascination—the Circassia of the west.

Little occurred in Ennis save that our usual ill-luck attended us; and, notwithstanding its being so theatrical a town, our manager soon found that his company could not draw. The insufferable vanity and consummate ignorance of this man were becoming every day more unendurable. Any unusual word of ever so little difficulty was Chinese to him; he either murdered its pronunciation or misapplied its meaning. One night in Tekeli he had to say

"Beyond this forest is the Torza's bank."

S, who was never perfect, but had something like the sound of the word lingering in his ear, cried out

"Beyond this forest is the Torrid Zone."

"Be my sowl I thought so," bawled out a fellow in the gallery, "we all feel so hot here."

Four or five of us, who would not depend upon the manager for our salary, insisted upon stopping in the same house, that he may at least be in for our food and lodging. Indeed nothing but necessity could compel us to this. Our food was of the very worst quality—we had but one sitting-room, which was so complete a bare-garden that I used frequently be compelled to travel out to Clare Abbey, a half-mile distant, at the most inclement season of the year, to study my character in the niche of some ruined window. Sometimes, of a morning, I would rise earlier than the rest to endeavour to procure an

hour of solitude—but in vain. The moment I was comfortably settled by the fire, some of my tormentors would sally out, and render fruitless all my studious preparations.

In consequence of having played nothing but first rate characters in the private theatres, almost all my studies were new, and of course very severe. One morning I had to study a very lengthy character in an after piece; but, as usual, after having made all my arrangements for being snug, I was broken in upon by the Manager, who began to commit Romeo aloud after a most annoying fashion. Not knowing any thing of the sense, his mode was to commit three or four words of the text, without any regard to the meaning or context of the sentence—the very lowest degree of parroting.

"I shall never be able to study this," he said at last.

I told him I knew the part, and that he had better let me play it.

"You play Romeo?" he replied, in a most contemptuous manner.

"Yes I *can* play it—I know something of Shakspeare. I can read and understand the text—you know nothing of the author; and though you imagine you are reading, you are but uttering printed words to which your mind can attach no meaning."

Though greatly nettled, he made no reply, but went on reading aloud; at length he came to the passage

"Love! heavy lightness, serious vanity,
"Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms."

In reading and committing the second line he went on—"mishapen chouse, mishapen chouse, mishapen chouse, mishapen chouse."

"Mishapen what?" I asked.

"Mishapen chouse."

"Chouse! You are a pretty Romeo. Walker would call it chaos, for myself I prefer pronouncing the a broad, as in father, but you, who know nothing either of the meaning or pronunciation, had better follow Walker.

"You are right," he replied, with the greatest coolness, and proceeded in his study. He took care, though, on the night of performance to adhere to his original pronunciation. In a few weeks afterwards he played Othello in Limerick; and, notwithstanding the frequent corrections, when he came to the passage.

"And when I love thee not
"Chaos is come again."

he pronounced it "chouse is come again." As Mr. S. used generally leave some of the tradesmens' bills behind him as remembrances; whenever afterwards he came to Limerick, the announcement amongst the play-going lads was, "Boys, Chouse is come again."

On the fourth night of our performance in Ennis, we had a dismiss. It was the first time I witnessed that most distressing ceremony. We were all dressed and ready to go on; but there was not ten shillings in the house, and who could think of playing to empty benches? Little did I dream that the time would come when I should enact before a five shilling

audience and be thankful. S., who, for an illiterate man, was a most plausible addresser of the audience, dismissed the house; laying "the beggarly account of empty benches" to the weather, a ball, a burial, or some other such *a propos* accident. Tully, my two townsmen, and myself adjourned, in our theatrical costume, to the lodgings of Jemmy Church—one of the company, and as extraordinary and facetious a wight as ever breathed. In conjunction with a Mrs. Liston and her two children, he rented a front first-floor parlour in a thatched house, whose owner dealt in turf, starch, blue, and farthing candles. The apartment could not boast of much in the way of furniture, but what it had was unique. There were two truckle beds, two stools, two chairs, and a *seeshteen.** The drapery was abundant. Thick and innumerable folds of spider net hung down from the thatched roof, and nearly swept the heads of the inmates. The culinary and domestic utensils comprised a few odd breakfast cups, a wine-glass, two black bottles, and a tea-kettle.

Imagine us, seated round a grateless hearth in which a few sods of turf burned, making ourselves merry over a glass, or rather a cup of glorious potheen punch, and listening to Church's most amusing stories, of which he was abundantly prolific. I was dressed for a walking-gentleman, in a blue coat, white waistcoat, cream-colored inexpressibles, and silk stockings. My poor friend A., a fellow of inimitable talent—a poet, a painter, a musician, a

* A round low seat of twisted straw.

comedian, and with social powers seldom equalled, never surpassed—was arrayed in the costume of an English peasant. Henry, my other fellow-townsman, was in full mourning for some sombre character: and Tully, who was not cast in the first piece, was dressed, even to the wig, for Bombastes in the interlude. Church, who was to have gone on for Pangloss, was tricked out in all the exactitude of that formal pedant. Mrs. Liston was Lady Duberly, and Mrs. Church Cicely Homespun. Never before was such a group assembled in such a locality. Never yet, notwithstanding the dismiss, was a party so happy. We had plenty of the potheen, and it was only a glance at the company to get food for merriment. As the night advanced our fire became nearly exhausted; but in the middle of one of Church's best stories it was impossible to separate, and one of the stools fell a victim to the devouring element: another soon followed. That, too, went the way of all fuel. Whilst deploring our want, Tully suggested that the lower steps of the stairs were loose, and proposed sacrificing one to Prometheus. This furnished us for some time. Our whiskey at length ran out, and, without this indispensible, any thought of stealing another hour from night was abandoned.

It was now half-past three o'clock, A. M. and what was to become of us? To get into our lodgings at such an hour was impossible. Tully had a sort of bed in the landing-place, on the top of the stairs without, which he offered to share with my two companions; but what was to become of me? I

proposed, when Mr. and Mrs. C. and Mrs. L. had retired, to sit by the yet warm fire-place until morning, but it would not be listened to. At all events we packed Tully and the others up, barricading the outside of the bed with whatever old pieces of furniture we could lay hands on for the purpose. Our only light was now flickering in the socket; the night was desperately cold, the little warmth of the fire-place had departed. Under such circumstances, notwithstanding my repugnance on the score of decency, I was induced to lie inside Church. Poor A. got up to witness the ceremony through the chinks of the door. He frequently afterwards repeated the story; and his description of me, as I strode across the bed, in my dress-inexpressibles and silk stockings, was truly ludicrous. We stole out by the morning light—what atonement was made for the stool and stair-step we forgot to inquire.

We left Ennis shortly afterwards, and again returned to Limerick, which, after a few days trial, though we had Miss Wilson (now Mrs. Walsh) as a star, we found would not tell. The company was doomed, and we resolved to leave it as soon as possible. The opportunity was close at hand. A Miss H. a Limerick lady, respectably connected, but without a particle of talent, had joined us a short time previously at Ennis, and was about to try a benefit at Limerick. No less a part than Lady Teazle would suffice for her display, and we cast the School for Scandal as well as we could. On the day before performance S., who was to have played Joseph

Surface, was obliged to abscond from the too pressing attentions of his creditors. His wife—the very antipodes of every thing winning and feminine—sent for me; and, after a variety of compliments on my talent and quickness of study, requested I would undertake the character. Fond as I was of acting, I would have sent her and the whole establishment to Jericho first, but that I saw an opportunity of getting some money to take me and my friends to our native place. Next day, at rehearsal, to the astonishment of the company, I was letter perfect, and received the congratulations of Mrs. S. A little before dinner, and within three hours of the performance, I sent her down word that neither I or my friends would go to the theatre until she sent us up five pounds. Poor A. had to double Trip and Moses; Henry, by some clipping, blended old Rowley and Oliver, which, with my Joseph, made a full third of the entire piece. Miss H. was to give twenty guineas for the house, and they could not by any possibility proceed without us.

This was our only resource. The last half-penny we had was spent in procuring the single jug of punch with which we washed down our dinner, and there we remained waiting the result of our determination. The time passed slowly by and no reply. It was now within half an hour of the drawing of the curtain; we were dressed and ready to go on. At length a messenger came with four pounds, saying we should get the other at the theatre, and desiring I should bring down a cloak which I borrowed of S——, to come from Ennis. I did so, but, not getting the

other pound, brought it back to my lodgings. Mrs. S——, who was both a screw and a shrew, wasted two days in negociations about the cloak. Her object was to keep us for another trip, but we were heartily tired of her and her husband's management. The pound was finally paid up; we took places on the coach for —— got regularly drenched on the way, and Ophelia-like, made a most "watery end," of this my *third* trip. S. used to tell this story differently afterwards, and to my disadvantage; but I caught him "in the manner" one evening in the green-room at —— and read him such a lecture before the Dublin and London performers, that I think he has never since reverted to it.

Upwards of two years elapsed, ere I was again tempted out: but the management of the Kilkenny theatre falling into the hands of one who had been a brother actor in private theatricals, but who only now engaged in them as a matter of trade, I was again induced, by a promise of all the juvenile tragedy business, once more to mount the buskin, and pursue the path of my early aspirations. The temptation was the more irresistible because a young actress of peculiar beauty, into whose good graces I was endeavouring to rhyme myself, and to whom my attentions did not appear unwelcome, was to be of the party. Miss S——, was below the middle size but beautifully formed. Her countenance was highly intellectual, and, were it not for a stillness, a placidity, I may almost say a —— but take a description given by a brother actor, who, to the other duties of

his profession added that of newspaper-critique writer to the company; and never did one of the critical fraternity exercise his vocation with more lenity—well knowing that any undue acumen would expose him to the vengeance of the suffering party. "Little S——, is an exquisite creature—a pure abstract of my notion of a lovely girl. One

"That's prodigal enough,

"If she unmask her beauty to the moon."

Her eye—oh such an eye!—cold as maiden chastity, yet looking as if it only wanted one spark of latent love to light it up into an unquenchable blaze of lustre. Her forehead—so meek, so clear, so beautiful; the very ringlets—the brown, rich, glossy ringlets that shadow it, assume a character of retiringness and timidity. Her voice, so sweet and winning, "gentle and low," as Lear says, "an excellent thing in woman." Her cheek, colourless or almost so—and still the lovelier—proving that the exquisite symmetry of her countenance owes nothing to adventitious aid—'Tis simple as marble loveliness; and you can more distinctly perceive the rich flow of every emotion of her infant heart careering beneath the shadowed crystal through which it displays itself—yet how luxuriantly full and fine she is for one so *thought-like*." Thus led on by what the poet (I believe Lord Byron) calls "the best of passions love and fame." I re-entered upon the dramatic arena. The company was a most heterogenous mixture of *amateurs* and actors, strollers, and stars. Amongst

the latter was Mr. Talbot, well-known in Ireland, as much for the extent and variety of his dramatic powers as for the peculiar eccentricity of his private character. In his juvenile days he divided the applause of a Dublin audience, in the character of Tullus Anfidius, even though Kemble was the Coriolanus; and in the light comedy department—more especially the light comedy of the last century—I have heard excellent judges pronounce him unrivalled. Mr. Webb, too, pretty well known on the London stage for his representation of Irish character, was to join us about the time that Talbot was to leave; and as both were celebrated in their profession, and Webb a native of the town in which we were to open, we calculated upon considerable success.

Amongst the troop with whom I was about to make this (my fourth) attempt to shine as a dramatic star, was Mary Anne C. with whom my readers may remember I entered upon my first adventure. She had gone through a variety of fortunes since last we met; and, though much improved in her profession, she lost more as a woman than she gained as an actress. A history of her life by herself, if its veracity could be depended upon, would make a most interesting piece of auto-biography. Though intimately acquainted with her—I may almost say for years—it was only within the last few months, and that during her absence when I little expected again to behold her, that I heard anything of her history or character.

Since I had seen her last she had gone through *a variety of fortunes;* and, though much improved

in professional acquirements, she had contracted most injurious habits. Amongst others an attachment to the bottle, which played the deuce with her temper, and even began to impair her powers.—Talbot, she, and I, travelled to Kilkenny together. On the way she made many promises of amendment, which, I regret to say, she never fulfilled. Let me here caution my readers against literary car-drivers. The fellow who drove us would talk of nothing but Goldsmith and Sterne. Shortly after night fall one of his wheels got seriously damaged, and to repair it delayed us an hour. At a bridge within ten miles of Kilkenny he turned off the high road. It was pitchy dark, yet I suspected, from the roughness of the path, that we could not be travelling the mail-coach way. Remonstrance was no use: he would persist in his knowledge of the road. At length I insisted upon his stopping to inquire, and we found we had travelled four miles out of the way. Talbot was savage; swore by Jove, and bit his nails.

It was a bitter cold night in December, yet I had to mount the rascal's seat, and, in the teeth of a north-easter, drive in the remainder of the journey.

In a few days we were joined by the rest of the company. Amongst others was a young Scotchman, who, on the strength of a rich accent, imagined he was on the eve of making a fortune by the Waverly novels which had just begun to be dramatised. To our sad dissappointment the clerical gentlemen, of all denominations, forbade the banns between Thalia *and the* public, at least during the advent; and we

had a full fortnight in which to rely upon our own resources. This swallowed up the ready cash of almost the entire company. I spent the interval in writing rhymes for the Leinster Journal, and thus made the acquaintance of its editor—Poor H——, now no more—one of the honestest men that ever conducted a public journal, and as pure a spirit as ever passed from time to eternity.

The season here was very unfortunate. We stopped at the fox-hunters' tavern, and, in justice to the owner, it is but fair to state, that, though he was aware of our narrow circumstances, he treated us with as much kindness and attention as if our purses could purchase the entire establishment. We were but a short time in town when we were compelled to get rid of our heroine, Mary Anne. She blackened her landlady's eyes, maltreated the actresses, insulted the audience, and played a thousand other such fantastic tricks as obliged us, in self defence, to send her off by subscription to Dublin.

The only two houses we had in Kilkenny were on the occasions of Webb's and Talbot's benefits. We were much indebted for our poor attendance to a Rev. P. R——, who preached against us incessantly. I have always observed that these "rigidly righteous" Pharisees, who inveigh against the innocent amusements of the people, are generally men whose own private lives, if closely canvassed, are least of all in unison with the doctrines they affect to inculcate.—They are filled with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. What Mr. P. R—— was, I had not time

or opportunity to ascertain; but an enquiry nearer home will establish the truth of my proposition.—Why do we not hear sermons on the danger and vanity of riches?—those riches which the preachers so unscripturally make every effort to acquire—Why not upon the doctrine of "do as you would be done by"?—upon that of the "labourer being worthy of his hire?" Out, upon them, Scribes and Pharisees! hypocrites! They do not wish to see any money spent on any amusement in which they do not share. Why not inveigh against the luxury of the tables at which they sit and gormandize?

Talbot and I went, one day, to hear this P. R—— abuse us. He was about as vulgar and canting a fellow as ever disgraced a pulpit, or murdered the beautiful composition of the book of Common Prayer. He had all the cant but none of the ardor of methodism. On our return Talbot gave an imitation of his Lord's Prayer, and then read it as it should be done. Could Mr. R——, or any of his brother canters, have witnessed the powerful effect which Talbot imparted to the unadorned and solemn simplicity of that noble composition, how they would shrink from a comparison with the calumniated actor.

After many fruitless attempts to raise the finances, our manager was compelled to abandon the company, leaving me the wardrobe and scenery to make what attempt I could in a "sharing" concern. We got up bills descriptive of our destitute situation, and petitioning for one night's audience to enable us to leave the town; but our appeal was in vain. After

two or three efforts, in which we shared two or three shillings each, we abandoned all hope of Kilkenny. The only part of the house at all attended was the gallery. On the last night of performance, just as the curtain fell after I died in Jaffier, I started out before the audience, savage with our frequent disappointments. The company crowded to the stage doors to know what I was about to say, I proceeded—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, on to-morrow-evening will be performed Shakspeare's celebrated tragedy of Macbeth—Hamlet for an interlude, and Othello as an afterpiece: on which occasion, to meet the theatrical spirit of the town, the boxes will be reduced to three pence, the pit to four pence, but the gallery remains at the old price."

A dead silence followed, which was immediately succeeded by a tremendous row in the gallery, and loud calls for me. The actors, expecting instant demolition, fastened up the entrances to the stage; whilst the actresses, hastily gathering up their dresses, hurried off to their respective lodgings. A difference of opinion in the gallery saved us from the consequences of my impudence and impetuosity. The first proposition was to victimise me; but a kind hearted butcher became my advocate, and insisted that what I said was rather a compliment than an offence to the gallery gods. Let the pit and boxes, he said, take up their own quarrel, but the gallery ought rather stand by than oppose us. Another party, dwelling upon the words "spirit of the town," *took an opposite* view. The argument soon assumed

a more *striking* position; by degrees the whole gallery audience were involved in the controversy, and adjourned to the street to decide it. As in many other mooted points, of more importance, the original cause of the dispute was forgotten; and even the non-performance of the farce overlooked. The peaceable adjourned home, glad to escape; those who remained were too deeply interested in the drama without, to think upon what may be behind the curtain.

The next day I called the company together to consider what was to be done in our present extremity. A jealousy, which had existed against me from the commencement of my management, now broke out into open mutiny. The charges were that I was privy to the departure of the manager, and suffered it to take place without informing the company; that I was partial in the distribution of characters; and that, on the last evening, I did away with whatever chance yet remained of taking something in Kilkenny. The consequence was a regular division of the company. The greater part still adhered to me—the best-looking of the actresses, the most useful of the men, and an invaluable old woman whom the opposite party did their utmost to wile away. For our carpenter and property-man (useless concerns in a small company) I made up, by a general subscription, fifteen shillings to take them to their homes, and pitied them deeply for the smallness of their funds. I little imagined I should take the same tramp myself with but half-a-

crown in my pocket. My poor friend A., who had saved from the general wreck as much as would pay his coach-fare home, begged of me, almost with tears, to accompany him on foot, and share his possession; but I had resolved not to return until I had won and worn the theatrical crown which I deemed still within my reach. The terms of separation were agreed upon: our party took Carlow, the other Clonmel. Robbee (the Scotchman) was still with us; with diminished hopes, and a purse even more exhausted. He had, coming amongst us, fifty guineas, a handsome private wardrobe, and a gold watch. Whether all the money was gone, he being a Scotchman, "who still kept something to himsel," it was impossible to say. But the watch stopped, finally, with a near relative in Kilkenny, and the wardrobe was reduced to a single suit.

Next day, after having parted with A. and Henry, I set out with my party, on foot, for Carlow, our baggage coming after in a cart. The unmarried ladies remained in Kilkenny, until I should write that all was arranged. It was late at night when we arrived in Carlow. I was exceedingly tired, and, in attempting to take off my only pair of boots, (horrible to relate) the sole came away from the upper. Here was a dilemma—the manager, upon whose address they depended for a place to perform in, made prisoner for want of shoes. Bedford, my acting manager, who with his wife and four children accompanied us in the tramp, had shoes (which by the way, he got from a highland serjeant) that fitted

me, and we agreed to "double" them until fortune proved more favorable. The consequence was that we were compelled to be confined alternately when it was necessary that one or other should be out.

On the morning after our arrival I waited on the chief magistrate for "permission," which he readily granted. He inquired as to the strength of our company, and seemed inclined to patronise us. This was encouraging. Our next step was to procure the ball-room, the granting of which was vested in a committee of management. I waited upon them, individually, and procured the consent of each, but, when they came together to ratify, the Irish disposition to discuss broke out; a debate followed, concluded by a division, in which we were non-suited by a majority of one. It was "lent" time, and no one would let us a room, store, or loft without the permission of the clergy, which it was impossible to procure. This was very provoking, as we found the townspeople rather inclined to support us. After a week spent in Carlow, in a fruitless effort to procure a place, and during which time we contrived to subsist upon the sale of some guns and swords, part of the stage property, we were compelled in Sportman's phrase, to "try back" upon Leighlin-bridge—a poor, mean-looking village between Kilkenny and Carlow—as the nearest place to make a few shillings in. Bedford and the others went first; sending me back his shoes by the carter who carried the scenery. Here we remained a fortnight, dividing about a shilling a night on the average, but sometimes falling as low as three or four pence.

One night, almost heart-broken with our ill-success, I said to Bedford, "I wont play." The door-keeper —it was no difficult task to keep our flagged-barn door—said, "if I did not play, Miss B. would leave the house." On inquiry I found Miss B. was a very pretty, novel-reading girl, who attended the theatre every evening, and who was struck with some of my performances. Her father was a half-pay officer, somewhat addicted to the "native," and who generally over-ran his quarter-day by a few weeks. I felt, like Murtogh Delany, that "somebody to fall out with me, or some sweet craiture to fall in love with me, or some divarting accident of that kind" might alleviate my distressful condition. I played that evening, and gave some recitations not mentioned in our written bills. The next day I wrote a rhyming epistle to Miss B., requesting the honor of her acquaintance, and avowing the capture of my heart, made through a slit in the curtain. Her reply objected the breach of form, which another copy of verses over-ruled; and an appointment was made for the next day on the banks of the Barrow. That night I played Peregrine, and exchanged glances with my lady love. When the play was over, Bedford informed me that a person, who appeared to be the school-master and critic of the village, was greatly pleased with my performance, pronouncing me a scholar and a gentleman: intelligence which was drank in with greedy ears by my Dulcinea, with whom he seemed to be upon terms.

When the hour of appointment arrived I sent to

Bedford for the shoes; but, awful to relate, he was no-where to be found. What was to be done? In a few minutes my "bird of beauty," would be straying alone by "Barrow's banks," and I not able to meet her. Every moment I had a messenger to Bedford; every moment he was expected: the time passed in most distressing suspense, until, after a long lapse, all hope vanished. I wrote next day feigning a thousand apologies, of which sudden and severe indisposition was the principal; but the lady was too high spirited to accept of any overture or explanation. Bedford had been, in the mean time, at a little village on a neighbouring hill to know whether it could afford a night's performance. Though a clean, neat-looking little place at a distance, he found, on closer approximation, that it was but a "whited sepulchre." The church, whose handsome spire first attracted his attention and his hope, was undergoing repair and he entered. He found the critic, and supposed school-master of the evening before, in the aisle; of whom he asked and ascertained who was the rector. The person he addressed was the curate, who invited him to have a glass of porter; but, on the way to the ale-house, hinted that the grog there was the better beverage. This poor man's condition, which he related to Bedford, was almost as miserable as our own, and his dress even more shabby. A seedy and thread-bare black coat and waistcoat, corduroy pantaloons, and an old and faded hat, formed the costume of a minister of that church whose dignitaries live in a style of opulent extrava-

gance unknown to many princes. Out of forty pounds per annum, he had to support a wife and five children. A gentleman, a man of education, and nice feelings, living in, to him, a moral desert; and shut out, himself and his family, from that society with which their habits and educations sympathised. At his suggestion, any attempt on that village was abandoned.

In the midst of our distress we got a be-speak from a neighbouring magistrate. The play he chose was the "Revenge," and we calculated on making four or five pounds by the performance. Though I had to study Zanga in two days, make my own turban, fly shawl, and sandals, and notwithstanding a magistrate's bespeak, the house amounted to no more than thirty shillings, seven and sixpence of which came to my share as manager.

About this time, Robbee—who was my fellow-lodger, with whom I would have shared my last famishing morsel, but, who, with the characteristic caution of a Scotchman, still kept "some part secret," received, or pretended to have received, a letter from London, stating that the situation he had abandoned, was still open, and that he would be still accepted. An Irishman would *show* the letter, an Englishman would *read* it, but Robbee, though an honest fellow in the main, could not divest himself of national habits.

I felt great regret at parting Robbee. For a Scotchman he was very sincere, and, like myself, had an almost unconquerable attachment to the profession.

He left me for Carlow—where some of the *properties* were, and to which he had a right in consequence of money advanced to our late manager—with a promise to see me before he took leave for "good and all." I had also left a small trunk there, with a few articles of wearing apparel, and some books, in lieu of my lodging money. Robbee promised to send me, of these, two shirts, and a volume of Volney's Ruins. I waited three days, and got the following characteristic note, in reply to one I had sent reminding him of his promise :—

Mr. W.

SIR,

I can neither send you your *thinks* nor can I *cum* to see you, as I have had another letter insisting on my immediate presence in London.

Wishing you every success in your *Theetrical creer*,

I am,
Your obedient servant,
G. ROBBEE.

His departure resolved me upon my own ; and, taking leave of my small company, resigning to them at the same time what property I had in the scenery, dresses, &c. I set out next morning for Kilkenny, having very little more than what paid my coach-fare thither. The reader will ask what I did for shoes ? I blackened with ink a pair of basil stage-slippers, which being covered with a pair of black gaiters, left behind by Robbee, looked, though they did not well sustain, the character of shoes. In Kilkenny I met my friend Henry, who had been

delayed there by a variety of circumstances. He had drilled, he said, a party of amateurs in Venice Preserved for Easter Monday—now within a week of us. Mrs. Liston was in town for Belvidera, and, from what he could calculate, there was not a doubt but we should share ten pounds each and go back respectably.

But how were we to live for the time?

He had engaged with a miller in a back street who would feed and lodge us on speculation. If we succeeded we could pay him, if not he would wait until we remitted the money from home.

I, of course, gladly consented to this arrangement. We had an infinity of trouble with our amateurs, who were for the most part poor and uneducated lads. One day, at rehearsal, I was informed that there was a lady who would play for my benefit if I took one. I begged to be introduced. She was very pretty, very romantic, and dreadfully stage-stricken. There was another with her, a dark beauty, who would also play. They might have gone on for Gulnare and Medora if the Corsair was dramatised. One wished to play Ellen, and the other Blanch in the Lady of the Lake; but I should pledge my word that their friends could not recognise them if they played. I could not promise this and our theatrical negociation was broken off; but I met my fair friends every evening, and passed a very pleasant time in their society.

At length Easter Monday came. I had a great dread of appearing before the audience after my

former conduct; they seemed to have forgotten the transaction, or else some lines I published on the Nore had counterbalanced it. The play went off smoothly; but on coming to count the house, instead of ten pounds, we scarcely shared ten shillings.—On returning to our lodgings we called up our landlord to share in a jug of punch, as a sort of sop to the cerberus. When it was concluded he said

"Well gintlemin, how is youz to manage would me?"

"How are we to manage with you?" I replied, "you know our agreement. As we could not make the money here, we must remit it on our return home."

"Oh faix dat would never do."

"It must do: you cannot get from us what we have not, and you must abide by your agreement."

Harry and I had but one bed, and no lock to the door. When I stripped I took my dress with me to bed. Henry, though he at first remonstrated, did also—the result proved I might have said likewise. In the middle of the night the landlord or his wife came up to our room; took away our hats—a waistcoat of mine, two shirt-collars, a half a shirt, and two odd stockings—the whole, in short, of my supernumerary wardrobe. Henry's loss was something similar. When we rose in the morning we were in a pretty condition. Henry returned me thanks that he was not as bare as Adam. I asked the landlady for our hats; threatened to charge her with robbery; and swore never to pay her a halfpenny if

she did not return them on the instant; but threat, or remonstrance was of no avail. We were asked to breakfast with Kyan, our property-maker, a poor fellow whose life was an eventful history.—He could do every thing—except make out a comfortable subsistence. He had held a Captain's commission in the army; was an artist, an actor, repaired flutes, fiddles, fishing-rods, paraplui's; in fact he was an epitome of all arts and trades, besides being an excellent classical scholar into the bargain, and yet he could scarcely make out a livelihood. It was a beautiful sunny morning, in the early spring, and I proposed to Henry to walk up and down before the door, as if sunning ourselves, lengthening the range at every turn, until we got so far toward Kyan's that it would appear as if we only just thought to go there at the end of one of our promenades. This maneuvre we effected with great generalship; told our story, and got breakfast.

I had an assignation with my lady-love at one—the *fair* creature to whom I had for some time solely attached myself—and how was I to keep it?

"Take Ky's hat," says his wife.

Now Ky's hat was of a most Chinese build; made of straw-plait, and covered with a thin coat of black varnish. It was as well known as Ky himself in the town, and barely fitted on the top of my head; but the hour was drawing near, and there was no alternative. The place of meeting was a half mile distant, and I skulked through the bye-streets to escape observation; but more than once heard the boys say

"look at Mr. W. with Ky's hat." Somebody said it must be for a wager, and I took the hint. As soon as I saw my love at a distance, I doffed the hat, and kept it behind my back as I approached her.

Her first question was "Where's your hat?"

I brought it slowly forward.

"My G-d it is Ky's."

"Yes; I laid a wager of a supper and punch with Henry that I would walk through the town with it, and I have won."

She chid me for having engaged in so stupid a wager; but we soon became friends, and she made me a present of a gold ring, which I insisted on her changing for one of her own hair, knowing that the other may, through my necessities, be converted into something eatable. She loved me, and I was much attached to her. She wished me to go off with her and join a little company in Tipperary; but, though she possessed talent, and sung sweetly, I felt she could not rise in the profession, and could not think of exposing her to the wretchedness to which failure might subject her. Though I knew there was no use in any further stay in Kilkenny, my attachment still detained me there. Henry was made a present of a fur cap which we used alternately. Two or three other plays were tried, with equally bad success, and we then began to feel the extreme of distress—frequently fasting for two successive days. I could have dined every day at the Leinster Journal Office, with my friend H., but my pride increased with my poverty, and when I began to feel actual want I left off my visits.

A circumstance occurred one day which was painfully ludicrous, and may serve to illustrate our situation. My inked slippers—my only dependance for my return home—became, notwithstanding all my caution, horridly out of repair. Henry, who was a better emergency man than I, compassed, by some means or other, a pair of shoes, which were too small for either of us. How were they to be turned to advantage? He bargained with a poor shoe-maker in the neighbourhood, to give them as an equivalent for putting my slippers into "tenantable repair." When I called on him for the purpose, I was greatly struck with his appearance. Imagine the head which a painter would fancy for a Socrates or a Seneca—which if you had met in Hindostan you would have worshipped—stuck upon the lowest and meanest body you could conceive, and you have the little shoemaker before you. Remarkable as are the whole fraternity for talk, he surpassed them all in his interminable garrulity. Just as he had finished one of the slippers, and was commencing the other, Mrs. Liston sent over one of her little ones to say, she had procured a meal, and inviting me to share it. If the profession have its faults it has its virtues also; and amongst the foremost is generosity.—None are so ready to relieve distress in general: with the wants of their professional fellows, they would share the last morsel.

This news of a meal was delightful intelligence.—We had eaten nothing the previous day, and were not at a loss for an appetite; but how was I to get

to it? No persuasion could induce the sutor to travel out of his manner. A blow of his hammer, a stab of his awl, a draw of his *end*, and five minutes gab between each operation. Never yet was position so tantalizing—not even Tantalus' own. I could not endure it, and was compelled to hop off on one leg through two streets to get at my breakfast. It was a homely but delicious meal; and though five of us partook of, five pence purchased it. A large brown cake, some cocoa, and a little butter, procured to satisfy my epicurism, composed our repast.

This was enough to cure my propensities for both love and fame. I seriously set about making preparations for my departure. My first step was to apprise H—— of my situation. He at once sent me a hat and some money, with a note inviting me to dinner, and blaming me for not before informing him of my situation. I thanked, but declined seeing him under the circumstances. As I could not come he sent us over a famous dish of beef-steaks, the only comfortable meal we had eaten for many days. We were to set out the next morning—Henry taking the coach, on the credit of a trunk of handsome stage-dresses, which, with fond devotion, he had preserved through all our trials; and I myself had hopes of a lift to Clonmel through the kindness of Bianconi's agent. There was a company in Clonmel, with which I might play for a few nights, and pick up some shillings.

The parting with my love was yet to take place. She was not aware of our very straitened circum-

stances, and attributed to indifference my anxiety to leave. I was obliged to let her in some degree into the secret, but not to the full extent, and thus partly reconciled her to my departure. She wept bitterly on taking leave; but I promised to write frequently, and see her again as soon as possible. I never saw her more, and our correspondence soon ceased. It is strange how quickly the memory things we think destined to live for ever in our recollection is obliterated, as time rolls slowly and imperceptibly over them. To a young girl of warm imagination, an actor—more especially the actor whose business lies in the sentimental characters—is most dangerous society. She has seen him, perhaps, for the first time, bodying forth the very being of her young anticipation; uttering, in the most finished and fascinating language, sentiments to which her heart's deepest echoes respond; and this impression, the first and strongest, clings fondly to all their future intercourse. He must be very revolting, indeed, if his actual does away with his fancied character.

Next morning I set out a little before the car, having an understanding that the driver was to take me up as he passed. After paying for my new lodging, and sharing with Henry and Mrs. Liston, my whole stock was half-a-crown for a journey of eighty miles; yet I felt much less uneasiness than when I sent our carpenter and property-man the same distance with fifteen shillings. About a mile out of Kilkenny the car overtook me. I imagined the driver had directions to stop and take me up: no such

thing. I called after him, and to my inquiry whether he was not so directed, got an answer which convinced me that all chance of a *lift* was out of the question. I thought he was the most unfeeling scoundrel I ever met to travel on, with his car occupied only by himself, and leave me on my solitary and weary way.

I met a return chaise within twelve miles of Clonmel, and got on the rest of my way for tenpence. Here I found Bedford and the company; with whom I consented to try a few nights. I was advertised for Othello, as a first-rate tragedian—"Mr. W. from of the Theatre Royal, Bath." There was something ominous in the name, for it rained incessantly on the day and night of my announcement. Not a single soul came to the house. My second appearance (play or no play we count an announcement an appearance) shared the same fate, and no one came to see "Mr. W. of the Theatre Royal Bath" in Macbeth. It rained upon my Hamlet also, and prevented my "drowning the stage with tears." Where was the use in contending with conspiring elements, that "owed me no subscription," and paid me no respect? Besides, why should I eat up the food of poor Bedford's children, which the kind-hearted Englishman shared with me most ungrudgingly. I resolved to be off next morning. Little S., the good and beautiful little angel, hearing of my intention invited me to tea, and gave me half-a-crown. The next morning was a glorious one. Bedford begged of me to stay and try that night, but why should I deprive the company of a chance of subsistence? It was resolved

that my every attempt should be rained at, and I was determined not to subject others to the consequences of my destiny.

Within about twenty-five miles were some poor tenants of my grandfather's, with whom I resolved to sojourn until I collected some flesh upon my attenuated frame. The life of an actor, who would advance himself in his profession, must be, in its outset, one of incessant labour. In Kilkenny, I rose at eight; studied until breakfast; went then to rehearsal, where I remained until three or four; took a hurried walk; returned before dinner to lay out my dresses; dined; read with my punch until it was time for the theatre; played; on my return home took a light supper, and then studied until two, three, four, or five in the morning. This, with my subsequent starvation, had reduced me almost to a skeleton.

I failed of my destination that evening by about seven miles, and was obliged to put up at the King's Head Tavern, in a small village by the way.

Notwithstanding its regal title, the King's Head was a miserable hole. I was ushered into a kitchen about four feet square, which was warmed by the smoke issuing from a heap of wet turf that, by the process of fumigation, might be dried into firing in the course of a week. There was no breathing there. I tried the parlour, a cold, comfortless, earthen-floored room, furnished with deal tables and benches. Here I had some bread and porter, but both were so old it was impossible to swallow them; so I made

an exchange for a part of the family supper, potatoes, butter, and milk. My bed was pretty comfortable; for, though the sheets were as coarse as the coarsest bagging, they were as white as mountain snow.

The next morning was Sunday. The chapel, usually attended by the country people with whom I intended to sojourn, was about six miles distant across the mountain, and I resolved to overtake them, if possible, before Mass was concluded. My bill—which, as if they counted my pocket, amounted exactly to the last halfpenny of what was left of my half crown—being settled, I set out on my morning journey. I had got about three miles of the way, when I found I had left behind upon the dressing-table my hair-ring—the only token from my Kilkenny love. Here was a situation. I was sure of something to eat at the chapel: a ravenous appetite on one hand, and the ring upon the other! I sat by the road-side to deliberate, but could come to no conclusion. A glance at my shoes resolved me upon going on. They could not stand the backward journey. On my arrival at the chapel it was deserted. The congregation had left about fifteen minutes before. I had two miles farther to travel into the mountain. Faint and hungry, I accomplished them with much difficulty; but a glorious dish of bacon, for which I just arrived in time, made amends for my suffering. Here I remained a fortnight: mountain air and abundant food soon restored my good looks, and a little rent, furnished in advance, enabled me to return home—completely CURED.

STANZAS.

The following is the only article in the volume not original. I took the lines from an old periodical, and placed them here for an increased circulation. If they yield my readers anything like the pleasure they afforded me, I shall not regret the selection:—

Come, here's a health to thee and thine!
  Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
  When tasted with a friend that's old:
We're happy yet, and in our track,
  New pleasures though we may not find,
There's still a joy in looking back
  On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in Western clime,
  Through gaudy noon-tide dark and bare,
That tinges still, at vesper time,
  With purple gleam the evening air;
So there's a joy in former days—
  In times, and tones, and thoughts gone by,
As, beautified, their heads they raise
  Bright in imaginations sky.

Time's glass is filled with varied sand,
  With fleeting joy, and transient grief,
We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
  O'er many a strange fantastic leaf:
And fear not, but, 'mid many a blot,
  There are some pages written fair,
And flowers, that time can wither not,
  Preserved still faintly fragrant there.

As the hushed night glides gentler on,
  Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
To tell of pleasures that are gone,
  And heighten those that yet remain;
And that creative breath, divine,
  Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
And call forth many a mystic line
  Of faded joys, remembered still.

Again the moments it shall bring
  When youth was in his freshest prime :—
We'll pluck the roses that still spring
  Upon the grave of buried time.
There's magic in the olden song—
  Yea e'en extatic are the tears
Which will steal down, our smiles among,
  Roused by the sounds of other years.

And—as the mariner can find
  Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
E'en of the often-dreaded wind
  That wrecked his every hope before—
If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
  For youth *had* pangs—oh! let it rise;
'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
  The spirit of our former sighs!

We'll hear the strains, we heard so oft
  In life's first warm, impassioned hours
That fell on our young hearts, as soft
  As summer dews on summer flowers;
And—as the stream, where'er it hies,
  Steals something in its purest flow—
These strains shall taste of extacies
  O'er which they floated long ago.

E'en in our morn, when Fancy's eye
  Glanced sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When Joy was young, and Hope was high,
  We could not find *much* more than this.
Howe'er, then, Time our day devours,
  Why should our smile be overcast—
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
  Who find a future in the past?

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WHEN I WAS A BOY?

When I was a boy.—What a store of dear and cherished recollections, long hoarded in memory's richest and rarest treasury, those spell words unlock. They are the "open sesame" to all the visions of young enchantment, that brooded over our fresh imaginations, ere yet harsh contact with the work-day world of reality dulled their hues or dissipated their glory. Even now, in the mere memory, seen through the thickening atmosphere of the shadowy past, how powerfully do they affect us: how strongly do they enchain to themselves the heart's best feelings, gaining in the tender gentleness with which we invest them, an interest, so graceful and touching, that it perhaps more than counterbalances what is lost of their original radiance.

When I was a boy! Surely my nature must have changed since—my mode of existence must have been altered. Can I be that thing of fairy-land, that dweller in a region of fiction and fancy, who used sit for whole days on a ledge of rock (now forming part of the new road leading from M'Sweeny's foundry out through Ballyvolane) conjuring with "open sesame" before its smooth and perpendicular

front, and wondering why the words of power had lost their influence—repeating them with all possible variation of tone and pronunciation, and so satisfied that some day or other would crown my efforts with success, that, lest I should share the fate of Cassim Baba, I had the magic words, written in my pocket, to avoid all possibility of being so overpowered by the splendor, which I felt confident must at length burst upon my dazzled senses, as not to be able again to regain the outer air, before the marauding robbers or absent genii returned to their treasure house. Oh! where are those days and those dreams? those creations of indistinct and undefined loveliness, which the young heart conjured up to satisfy its early yearnings after physical and intellectual beauty; and which—though only more deeply shadowing the disappointment of its matured experience by their contrast with the realities of life—are still fondly cherished, and indelibly marked within the "book and volume of the brain"

> "As things that for their grace must be
> "Dear—and yet dearer for their mystery?"

Is that Eden of existence for ever closed? Shall we never again revel in the paradise of boyhood-feeling—shut out, not by the flaming swords of descending cherubim, but by the mocking sneers of earth-born demons who dare us to return? Is it gone, and for ever, that spring-time of young feeling, which shed over nature's fairest forms an atmosphere of additional loveliness; invested even barrenness with beauty,

and "made a sunshine in the shady place?" Oh thou sweet fragrance of the heart return!

But it may not be:—Those glorious and gorgeous visions of the past, that come to us like faint but welcome glimpses of a pre-existent state—like memories of another being, and as if to strengthen the doctrine of the transmigration of souls (for my present cannot be the spirit of my boyhood) are amongst the things that were; never, never to return. There is a gap in the history of existence—a period has dropped out of the life of man; and, like the lost pleiad, boyhood has fallen away from the human system. In a few years one of the stages in Shakspeare's seven ages shall be a puzzle to the commentators. There are no boys now, nor have been for the last dozen or fifteen years—

> Shew me on earth a thing so rare,
> I'll own all miracles are true:—
> Make boyhood once again appear,
> And 'tis the utmost heaven can do.

I grant, that you may point out human creatures, varying from three to four feet in height, exact in symmetry of proportion, and young, if you make years the measure of age in this precocious era: but what evidence can you adduce that they are not *homunculi*? Man's existence now must be counted thus—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age. As in all great changes this lapse of boyhood, from man's progress to futurity, did not occur too suddenly. There was an interregnum of what may be called

lad-hood to prevent the collapse which must else have been caused by too sudden a chasm: yet even this stage of being has been swept away by, and trodden down under the march of intellect; or, if there still remain a few scattered specimens—

"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto—"

they are looked upon with the same curiosity, by the eye of the antiquary, as he would survey a cue, a knee-buckle, a long-bodied gown, a cocked hat, or any other of those rarities which are laid up in the repository of antediluvian oddities.

Boys? no, no—the world has seen the last of the boys! I myself have been amongst the latest of that generation! Even the name is passing away with the reality. Whiteboys and Peep-of-day boys are no more, Whitefeet and Blackfeet are substituted. Insurrection itself repudiates the out-of-date denomination; yet still the endearing term "lingering loves to stay" in the deep interior, where some snug farmer (if any such there yet be) introduces his awkward and hesitating "boy," of forty or thereabout, to what he considers a suitable alliance.

If you doubt what I say take an instance and try. Shew me a boy!—That? Well give me a proof beyond his stature. Where is the careless heart, glowing in his face like sunshine? Where is the loud laugh of causeless merriment, and the wild glee of young and buoyant vitality?—the mere delight because he *is*? the revelling in a simple consciousness of existence? No—that is no boy; his careful thinking eye, his heedful step, his calculating demeanor prove that

he is already entered into and immersed in the absorbing vortex of worldly interests.

Bring me a boy whose thoughts, feelings, and pursuits pertain to his period of life, and I will yield to your evidence. Where is the circling hoop, the rolling "*taw*," the flying shuttlecock, and the varying circumgyratory circlings of the top: all interesting, because by their motion they typified and imaged—and dear in the degree in which they imaged—his own ardent and bounding sense of vitality? Where are the Lilliputian crowds, assembled in the "one loved spot" of the several neighbourhoods, to determine whether "spy" or "sally," "lands," "tig," "hunt the fox," or "hide and seek" should take precedency in the sports of the evening? and where, sweetest of all, is the dry bulkhead or covered nook, to which the weary wights resorted when fatigued with their sports; and where the rush to get nearest to him who best narrated the spectral and shadowy tale that sent them trembling to bed, almost merging the honor of the "last touch" in its thrilling and harrowing interest. To be sure you now and again see a hoop rolled along the high ways, a top whipped on the pavement, or a ball bounding—no not bounding—falling from the wall; but look at the operators. Where is the *spirit* of the game? Departed.

"We start for *life* is wanting there."

They look like young philosophers, making practical observations on the laws of gravitation, or studying the mysteries of centrifugal and centripetal forces,

with all the calm gravity of a Newton blowing bubbles of soap-suds. Certainly boys still continue to exercise: but how? Scientifically forsooth! They go to the Gymnasium, and it is well their studies have taken such a direction; but what comparison do the systematic games of—"physical education" I think they call it—bear to the bounding delight of boyish field-sports? The lessons of the gymnasium are but lectures on the "soft solids" explained and illustrated. I would by no means discountenance the rage for gymnastics which has lately grown up amongst us. On the contrary, I would, to the utmost of my power, encourage it; to compensate, in some measure, for the loss of those healthful sports which, with the era of boyhood, have departed for ever. Long live Monsieur Huguenin, and long live his pupils!—the necessity of the wish, by the bye, is almost superseded by the practise of his exercises—but whilst I allow the uses of the gymnasium, must I not remember the "dear school-boy spot we ne'er forget?"—the green slope, in the clear bright sunny evening, when all the young companions of that delicious time (alas where are they now!) assembled to their frolics? There *was* sport—no studied exercises, checked or impelled by this or that scientific calculation; no myological discussion as to whether flexors, extensors, depressors or levators should be brought into action: the irresistible impulse of an exuberant spirit gave the impetus, and the only end sought for was attained in the unrestrained indulgence. The question was what sport gave the free spirit

wildest play? a question always decided by an unpacked majority; and which, when it became law, was heartily carried into effect even by those who, up to that period, most decidedly opposed it. The tories could never have been boys: the few genuine specimens that remain shew them to be but old women and children. It is said that Eldon, when young, and not allowed his own way at play, used go snivelling home; whilst Wellington, under similar circumstances, strolled sulkily through the fields, whipping off the heads of wild flowers with a rattan.

The dear romance of boyhood!—more exquisite than even its quicker delights, and throwing "on dazzling spots remote its tempting smile"—that, too, has departed with all its dreamy glory. No more will it return, and bring with it

> The days of sunshine and of song—
> Sweet, childish days, that were as long
> As twenty days are now.

Who now strolls out, in the shadows and sunny glimmerings, to indulge in the instinctive delight—the poetry of the spirit, in which the young heart loves to revel, ere the passions that build up the human soul, in their loud brattling, drown the entrancing music? Who hides him in the leafy nook, listening to the indistinct whisperings of his own spirit, shaping the mystic sounds into some undefined promise of future hope, and framing an elfin world of his own, into which some fragments of the "work day world" are admitted to give a seeming stability

to his imaginary creation? No one now strolls, idly dreaming with his eyes open, in the sunny evening, by some quiet stream, while the mingled murmurs of the city come blended into music, like many a voice of one delight, to aid his sweet delusion. No, there are no dreams now, nor waking thoughts for anything but business. Children of seven years old talk of their prospects in life. Speak to a boy about Fortunatus's purse he tells you—if he has heard anything of the story, read it he did not—that it is only to be found in the counting-house, and that his cap has been converted into a steam-boat. What boy of the present age ever heard of the Seven Champions of Christendom? Who sympathises with the sorrows of fair Sabrina, lingers in the dark woods that shroud the gloomy castle where some base enchanter keeps her in durance vile, and almost resolves to challenge to the utterance the giant guardian of the dreary fortress? Does any boy—I mean any little man of boyish years and appearance—in want of pocket money, ever think of catching a "cluricawn" in the fields, and compelling him to give up the purse, that never wants a sixpence? Come, my purse against the "cluricawn's," that you will not procure me one in a thousand of those aforesaid homunculi who ever heard of "Puss in boots;" or in his fancy converted some pretty beggar girl into the fair Cindrella. Fancy! The word yet remains in our vocabularies, but has lost its original meaning. Where is "Beauty and the Beast?"—Where is "Peter Wilkins" with his amphibious nation? An attempt to reproduce the

olden impression of that story was made some time ago in Drury or Covent Garden (I forget which) but the clumsy motions of the Glums and Gauries—those I think are the names—were no more like the graceful, airy glidings of our boy-hood's PeterWilkins than I to Hercules; and but for the inimitable drollery of that first-rate comedian Keely, the piece, notwithstanding the great expense at which it was brought out, would have been decidedly a failure! Get up a confession of boyish faith—I mean such a one as in my time would not have had a single dissenter—and I am satisfied you will not procure an affirmative to any one article. The creed has lost its worshippers; beautiful and romantic as it was its era has passed away, its shrines are mouldering into ruins, its altars are overthrown, its memories are almost departed; yet it is sweet, though sad, to dwell amongst its dilapidated and decaying monuments, and conjure up the tender and touching associations that still fondly linger around them.

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ELEGIAC STANZAS.

To ——

When I have reached that resting place
  To which each moment hastes me on,
I care not who my path may trace,
  Or what they say when I am gone,
If thou—the star by whose soft light
  I journeyed o'er life's stormy wave—
Wil't cheer my latest longest night,
  And shed thy influence o'er my grave.

Let those I neither shunn'd or sought
  Bestow their meed of praise or blame;
I care not what the million thought,
  If only thou wilt love my name;
I ask no other eye to weep,
  I ask no other heart to sigh,
When I shall sleep the dreamless sleep
  That wakes but to eternity.

SONG.

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the house.*"

When friends are met, and goblets pour'd,
  And gladness rules the soul,
There's pleasure in the festive board,
  There's rapture in the bowl:
But, oh! how dull, how heartless all
  Our joyance would appear,
E'en wine itself would turn to gall
  If woman were not near.

Then, fill the highest, brightest cup
  That sparkles here to-night;
No flinching now—come fill—fill up
  To woman's eye of light.

Oh! twine us flowers, of rosy wreath,
  To bind our flushing brows;
Rich as the sighs young maidens breathe,
  And pure as virgins' vows:
Bring sweets, of dews and sunbeams wove
  Ere evening's shadows fall,
Then, bring, oh! bring us woman's love—
  The crowning rose of all.

And fill the highest, brightest cup, &c.

I've seen ambition's bubbles burst,
  E'en when they highest flew;
I've seen the dreams gay fancy nurs't,
  Dissolv'd like morning dew:
E'en firmest friendship will remove,
  When fortune's smile has past,
But love—fond, faithful, woman's love
  Will linger to the last.

Then, fill the highest, brightest cup, &c.

Send, send the hallowed goblet round,
  Fill to the highest edge;
To woman's love the cup is crowned,
  And who'd refuse the pledge?
The Egyptian Circe used to spice
  With pearls the cup she'd kiss,
Our's has a pearl of richer price—
  There's woman's love in this!

Then, fill the highest, brightest cup
  That sparkles here to-night;
No flinchlng now—come fill—fill up
  To woman's eye of light!

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
Quam mihi; non si se Jupiter ipse petat.
CATULLUS CARMEN, LXX.

My Lesbia vows no other love
  Than I should ever taste her charms,
Though Jove should leave his heaven above
  To find the heaven that's in her arms;

She says it: but a woman's oath,
  To him who loves, should ever
Upon the winged winds be wrote,
  Or on the rapid river.

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Phrenology

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

INTRODUCTION.

[ABOUT five years since some friends of mine speculated upon the bringing out of a periodical of which they resolved to make me the editor. One day, whilst canvassing the matter in my own mind, I was informed that a stranger below wished to see me in private. I desired him to be shewn up to the study. A tall slight man, of whom the description in page (113) is a favorable portrait, made his appearance. No name was announced. He gazed awhile very intently at the upper part of my head, muttering something of which I could only catch unconnected words, such as—"Benevolence deficient," "secretiveness strong," "destructiveness," "fearful developement." Alarmed at the strangeness of this proceeding, I pulled the bell with a violence that made the rope give way in my hand. Immediately the rush of many feet was heard on the stairs—the stranger darted towards the table at which I was seated, and, drawing from his bosom what I, in my terror, imagined to be some death doing instrument, dashed it down with violence, and flung hastily out of the room. There was a momentary pause, which was succeeded by a crash "loud as the echoing thunder" and shortly after a servant entered, stating that the stranger, after overturning on the stairs the men who were coming up to my assistance, dashed through the shop, and was lost sight of in a moment; but that a hot pursuit had been commenced, and, if I was robbed or assaulted, there was every chance of the runaway's immediate apprehension. My eyes

were all the time fixed on the object which lay upon the floor, and which, to outward appearance, was simply a roll of manuscript; but its strange introduction gave it a mysterious character, and, for aught I knew, it may be charged with some combustible stuff that may explode at the touch. After various precautions, such as drenching it with water, &c. it was taken up and unfolded: it proved to be nothing more or less than the following communication, which, not having the dread of an ex-officio before my eyes, I venture to give to the public, surcharged as it is with ultra-revolutionary speculations.]

As I take up my pen, not to amuse, but to improve mankind, truth must be the mode and the object of my pursuit.

Being of a speculative habit, though, in consequence of domestic difficulties, limited as to education, I have, as far as my acquirements would allow, employed all my leisure and exerted all my faculties in endeavouring to inquire into and obviate the causes of the various ills that press so heavily on "all of woman born." Obliged, by circumstances, in early life to depend upon manual labour for subsistence, I had the good fortune to be apprenticed to the intellectual trade of shoemaking. I call it intellectual, not that I think there is anything in the employment itself more than ordinarily calculated to exercise the mental energies (though a fanciful

fellow-apprentice used say it was very intellectual, being much conversant with sole: having always an eye to the end in its operations, and requiring much and acute application to the *last*) but because of the many eminent men, of whom I shall only name Gifford and Bloomfield, who have distinguished the calling. Perhaps the sedentary habits, so conducive to deep thought, may explain this phenomenon; but I cannot forego the more important topic which is the object of this essay, to dwell further upon the matter at present.

To return to the consideration of Evil. Having been reared a Roman Catholic, and not extending my views of mankind beyond the limits of my own country, I, in the earlier part of my research, very simply though very naturally, attributed all the evils that afflicted humanity to the want of that civil equality springing from full religious freedom; the dreadful result of which want used be so glowingly and periodically described by those young candidates for oratorical celebrity, who successively shone and were forgotten in the Irish political hemisphere

> "Even like the lightning that doth cease to be
> "Ere one can say it lightens."

This opinion took so strong a hold on my imagination, it was with difficulty I could bring myself to conclude, from my after-reading, that there existed misery any where out of my own country. It is true I read of plagues, earthquakes, famines, massa-

cres—I knew there were wars; but, will it be believed? there was no association in my mind between these things and misery.

They were abstractions—generalities of which I knew but the names; and the sympathy or horror I expressed on the mention of them, was as mechanical as the grief of the tender-hearted old lady who burst into tears on seeing a poor wheel-barrow with only one leg. I have often since endeavoured to explain to myself, how it was that I could possibly endure the perusal of descriptions so rife with calamity, and feel no emotion of horror or pity: but could never completely satisfy myself. The nearest attempt I made was by the following process, which I shall set down, that the reader may form some notion of my acuteness as a casuist. Locke says that all our ideas are derived, first from sensation or external perception, and next from our reflections about these sensations. Now I never experienced plague, war, or famine—ergo I could have no reflections about sensations I never felt—ergo I knew nothing at all about the matter.

But to proceed—When I became convinced—by a process of reasoning too tedious now to retrace—that misery was not confined to Ireland alone, that there were other causes of distress besides religious inequality, and that Catholic Emancipation would not of itself furnish a panacea for—

> "All the thousand nameless ills
> "That, one incessant struggle, render life
> "One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate:"

I determined to devote the remainder of my existence to an inquiry into the nature and mind of man—to dive into its deepest recesses, search out its most remote springs of action, and drag from his lurking place the foul demon who poisoned the stream of human happiness at its very fountain-head.

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> "But I did more, my reader, I deserved it."

What time and diligence did I not devote to this pursuit—how many a weary night did I pass in my solitary study for the good of the human race—bent double over my books, until the letters, from the intensity of my application, dilated into a size too large for my closing eyes to comprehend. Whilst others indulged in the pleasures of life, I denied myself almost its common necessaries in my endeavours to increase the sum of human happiness. I read all your moral philosophers from Plato (in translations) to Locke, from Locke to Dugald Steward. To be sure I cannot pretend that I understood them all, but that was no great matter, as I now believe they did not well understand themselves—I only know that I admired them, and that my admiration increased in an exact ratio with their incomprehensibility. What was intelligible I set down as common-place, what was obscure I considered a flight of human genius, at present beyond my new-fledged powers, but to which perseverance would at last enable me to rise. I could

talk, hour after hour, to my little circle of admiring friends on matter and spirit:—fate, free-will, and predestination, were but the baubles, the cups and balls, the rings and rattles of my ratiocination; but my chief delight was the abstruse doctrine of identity; in which I used so to involve myself and my hearers that, like the man in the comedy, we began to doubt our own individuality, and frequently broke up impressed with the notion of Berkeley that all matter was ideal, and "nothing was but thinking made it so." This rage for the obscure and incomprehensible had a long run with me: but as no road, be the beauties what they may that lie on the right hand or on the left, can be incessantly followed unless there be some end or object to incite the journeyer, I abandoned metaphysics. My passion for the unintelligible began to be shaken, and I determined thenceforward to look for proof *palpable.* I became an adept in Nature's minute and subtle mechanism—studying all the physical writers, from Hippocrates to Haller, from Haller to Bichat. I was deeply versed in the mysteries of Phusis, which, according to Hippocrates, superintends the direction of corporeal action; was profoundly learned in the several degrees in which solids, fluids, and spirits operate to the production and support of vitality; became deeply enamoured of the theory of original predispositions—could trace their workings, with almost mathematical precision, in the characters and conduct of most of my acquaintance; and almost adopted the opinion of Pythagoras with regard to

the occult power of numbers, and the influence of the stars. I studied (theoretically) comparative anatomy—from its advancement, by Aristotle, down to the latest report. Was of opinion that the human form had undergone some considerable changes since the time Galen made his observations; and would contend for it, to the death, rather than allow that the differences between him and more modern writers are consequent upon his having practised on the lower animals. In the chemical and mechanical controversy (notwithstanding a strong predisposition to spiritualise, arising out of my original formation, in consequence of the predominance of one of the elements) I took a decided part with the supporters of the latter theory; until Stahl—to whom I was attached because of his adherence to the Phusis of Hippocrates — made me a convert to the doctrine of mixed powers. Yet even here I was dissatisfied. I quitted the banners of Stahl and enlisted under Hoffman's nervous system.

I should have informed my reader, (my kind, patient and sympathising reader, who will be tempted to inquire how I could spare time from my daily labour for such deep and extensive research,) that, by the death of a distant relative, and the favorable connivance of dame Nature—who thrust no inconvenient bars "a little more than kin and less than kind" into the chasm—I was, in my twenty-fifth year, left master of a small but secure property of £200 per annum: the possession of which gave me complete mastery of my own time, and my economi-

cal habits enabled me to expend the greater part of my income on books. But to return. My physical inquiries left me as much at sea as ever. "Mind—mind alone, bear witness earth and Heaven," as Akenside says—was the pole star of my pursuit; and, if I traced it through its corporeal and fleshy channels, it was only to render myself more secure by confining it within boundaries which were obvious to my physical perceptions.

Every thing I had hitherto tried savoured of theory, and was more or less controvertible: every succeeding casuist overthrew the structure of his predecessor, or, like that ministerial plan of employment, so truly British in the conception, one pit was dug only to be filled up with the rubbish of another. I wanted something fixed, tangible, and decisive—something visible to the eye, palpable to the senses—

I FOUND IT IN PHRENOLOGY !!!!!!!!!

Have you read Byron's description of first and passionate love, and all the gorgeous gatherings with which he compares to heighten it?—the music on the moon-lit waters of the Adriatic—the first coming of the evening star, the creeping murmur of the night wind, the rainbow's bended glory, the poet's or the warrior's wreath, the joy of reconciliation, the rapture of a breach with tiresome friends, old wine in bottles, ale in barrels, the helpless creature we defend against the world, the school-boy spot we ne'er forget?—Have you read Cobbett's strong but savage exultation on the death of Lord Castlereagh? From neither of these can you form an adequate con-

ception of the climax to which delight rose in my bosom, when I first glanced through the volume that developed this matchless secret—this end and object of all moral and physical inquiry. This decider of doubts, this dispeller of difficulties, this dissolver of theories, this queller of controversies, this infallible test, by which every question, that for ages occupied and agitated the human mind, was to be at once and for ever set at rest. Here was all the learning and all the research of all the ages of the world compressed into a nutshell. Here was the real *multum in parvo*. All that I had sought for, through folio upon folio, was epitomised in one small scull with its involutions, its depressions, and its developements. Had Hamlet but known this secret, instead of entering into a long confab with the grave-digger as to the identity of Yorick's pericranium, he might have satisfied himself at once by looking for the organ of wit somewhere about the temple. Here were all the dogmas of all the schools, all the dreams of philosophy, all the speculations of science, all the visions of theory brought to a speedy and certain solution. Here is identity, propensity, necessity, free-will, and predestination, substance and spirit, reduced to a small duodecimo. Here freedom, intelligence, regeneration—My golden dream was out, the commencement of the Millenium was at hand—the reign of *palpable philosophy*—The sun of knowledge had arisen upon the earth and all the nations of the world should rejoice in the glory of his illumination. Its simplicity too, its splendid simplicity

and singleness marked its value, and set it down amongst those other grand and elementary discoveries which, like gravitation, at once account for the ten thousand effects hitherto attributed to as many causes. It overthrew in a moment the multitudinous and complex fabrics that false philosophy, from time to time, constructed, in which she may ensconce her ignorance. A pocket volume of Coombe with a well-marked cast, makes you, after a few hours study, a better moral philosopher, and more intimately acquainted with the human mind, than Locke or Steward.

I would not have it thought that I am vain-glorious or a boaster, when I aver that I now consider myself their superior. They wanted the light that I possess, and their "guesses in the dark" are, to Phrenological certainty, what the twilight of Heathen philosophy was to the morning radiance of christianity The Phrenological student must be dull indeed, who, after a week's study, is not more skilled in moral science, and better acquainted with the springs and motives of human action, than your ablest philosophers (not possessing this key) could be after ages of vague supposition and inconclusive experiment. Again let me entreat not to be deemed egotistical, My knowledge does not arise from any superior organic developement, but rather from the clear simplicity of the system. Almost any person, diligently devoting the same time to the science, will make as great advances as I; and—thanks to the prominency of myorgan of benevolence—so far am I from wishing

to monopolize knowledge, I cry aloud to the world—"HASTE YE TO BE LEARNED!"

My happiness in acquiring an insight of this sublime science was not a little alloyed by the ridicule to which my advocacy of the system subjected me. As Horace sings

"The sweetest cup will have a drop
"Of bitters rising to the top;"

and this ridicule fell heavily upon one whose bump of self-esteem (the great blank—the deep originial sin of my character) was not sufficiently developed to resist it. To be sure my quizzers were no conjurors. But what was that. The severity of the sting was not alleviated by the insignificance of the reptiles who inflicted it—I might endure being laughed at by men of ability, but it was too bad to be the butt of puppies and little misses.

I don't know whether I mentioned before that my love of abstruse and abstract speculation was a divided passion; and that I entertained a regard, an adoration for the female sex, almost amounting to idolatry. This acknowledgment, if submitted to the test of past experience, would almost appear paradoxical; and I believe I am the only person (for I give no credit to the love tales of the Greek philo sophers) in whom a passion for literature and ladies glowed with equal intensity. My pretension to the favor of the latter, if founded only on my personal attractions, had no very promising basis. A tall bony figure, gaunt and (though not ill-made) rather awkward, could not be very irrestible—hair black,

straight, coarse, and oily, did not add much to the figure I have just described. My face corresponds pretty well, being of a pale soap color, the nose a little awry, a few of the front teeth deficient, the eyes pale, sunken, and lusterless; the mouth somewhat broad, and the contour varying, as if undecided whether to choose between a round, an oval, a square, or a triangular form, but, in various aspects, presenting the appearance of each configuration—yet, notwithstanding these defects, I thought I could discover an indescribable something, that, in my own eyes at least, appeared attractive. Perhaps it was harmony—by which I would be understood to mean that adaptation of parts to the whole, which, even in the absence of beauty, excites the idea of perfection—as one would say "the most perfect hunch-back I ever saw in my life." And I would have been perfect, in my way, but for the too great developement of my organs of causativeness; which (at once my ornament and defect as they may be viewed in a moral or physical light) protruded like the horns of a budding calf from each side of my forehead. I shall not here detail the mirth which these used to afford some of my youuger companions; who pretended to discover in them the embryo prognostics of aldermanic honors, the anticipated pledges of conjugal dispensation. How short-sighted is man! With what uncertainty doth he distinguish between good and evil? Could I think, when, wearied with the buffooneries of my fellows, I cursed the imagined deformities, that the day would come,

when, like the stag in the fable, I would shudder at the conclusion to which my vanity might have misled me?

Little as I could boast of my personal attractions, I had some female acquaintance to whom my society was not unwelcome. Nay, I flatter myself, I might have *chosen* between three or four of them; but my habits of philosophical indecision rendered me very shy of forming a connexion which could only cease with the life of one or both the parties.—Whilst I hesitated, some more pressing, though less favored,* wooers won away my Dulcineas one by one. Still new candidates for my favor succeeded, new doubts arose, new experiments, new waverings, new marriages, and new disappointments.

Here, too, in the second great object of my life, the other hope of my existence, Phrenology came in as a sure and speedy guide. The thing could be decided in a moment: the weeks, the months, the years I had spent in studying the female character could be spared, and all the doubts and difficulties obviated by a simple examining of the outward form of their heads. There was nothing, now, to prevent my deciding, except the obstinacy of the ladies, upon whom I could not prevail to undergo the operation of the shears and razor, that I may get casts of

* Some of my acquaintance hinted that my little property not myself was the object of regard; but I had too many delicate assurances from the ladies themselves to pay any attention to these envious defamers.

their heads for inspection by some eminent practical masters in the science. Some of them laughed in my face when I made the proposition; others fooled me by a seeming consent, but postponed, from day to day, the granting of my request; whilst others again, in that strain between mirth and malice, in which the sex are such adepts, and which they so dexterously and cuttingly use, played off against me all the small shot of wit, raillery, repartee, irony, ridicule, and impudence. They circulated the most ludicrous stories at my expense; and the wags of our town reported that I was about to erect a temple to Venus the bald—a poor joke, furnished by that portion of Roman story in which it is said the ladies cut off their hair to make ropes used in defending the city. At length I prevailed upon one or two of my acquaintance, who, by their example and solicitation, influenced others, (for the ladies, though they pretended to sneer, were quite agog for the doctrine) and I had soon almost a dozen casts for the masters' inspection. But, alas! my hopes of matrimony were still far from being realized. My new acquired knowledge only made me more fastidious in my choice. I set my heart upon perfection. I formed an imaginary standard, and was determined to reject whatsoever did not come up to it. The object of my choice should be—

"Gay, but not too wildly free;
"Chaste as snow, and yet not chilling;
"Warm, but satisfied with me."

None of my casts answered this character. In some the *sentiments* were swallowed up by the *propensities*. These were only fit for a Turk, who had a well-walled Haram and vigilant Eunuchs. Others were *all sentiment:* effervescing magazines of bottled-up romance, that would burst out and run over at the touch of the first poetical coxcomb who chose to uncork them. Others again displayed a masculine developement of the faculties—complete Donna Inez's.* That was the worst of all: there is nothing at which my "gorge rises" so much as at a philosophic wife: to be bored with the faint glimmerings of undigested science and misconstrued philosophy —to get conclusions for caresses, and arguments instead of tenderness—

> "I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
> "Or a dry-wheel grate on an axletree,
> "And that would nothing set my teeth on edge—
> "Nothing—so much as minced philosophy;—
> "'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag!"
> * * * * * * * * * * *
> "I'd rather live
> "With cheese and garlic in a windmill far,
> "Than feed on cates, and have these talk to me,
> "In any summer-house in Christendom."

I have heard it commonly observed, too, that these ladies are generally possessed of a very dominant spirit, and, in proof of the assertion, I found a very full developement of self-esteem in all the heads to which

* See Don Juan, Canto 1st, Stanza x. &c.

this character pertained. Indeed this remark is so general as to have grown into a poetical aphorism—

"And oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
"Confess now truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?"

The failure of these experiments compelled me, though unwillingly, to abandon the hope of finding a fitting helpmate in my own circle; and I have resolved to pass the ensuing summer in the country, where, perhaps, I may discover some unsophisticated girl of the humbler class possessed of the desired developements. Should I be fortunate enough to light on such, I will myself undertake the direction of her faculties, the correction of her propensities, and the guidance of her sentiments. I shall have the "delightful task" (was Thompson ever a schoolmaster?) of teaching her "young ideas how to shoot," and, if I can snatch time from the enjoyment of "sacred wedded love," to send you an account of my proceedings, you may depend upon being enabled to lay before your readers—for the advantage of those who, like me, seek a perfect wife—my "whole theory and practice of matrimonial education." It would be better, I confess, to commence from infancy; but at my time of life (forty-five) that is out of the question. I should be only perfecting a spouse for another. A young man—himself reared on phrenological principles, and, consequently, a perfect philosopher at ten or twelve years of age—may adopt this mode with the greatest likelihood, nay with the firmest assurance of

success; but, alas! many years may elapse before men can be induced to perceive and avail themselves of their capability of perfection—"How long ye foolish ones, &c."

I am at present engaged in endeavouring to reform the system of etiquette arising out of antiquated and irrational habits; and to give to nature and truth that rank and respectability from which they have been so long alienated. For instance—as Philosophy, or that quality of mind, which, taking cognizance of cause and effect, is the highest faculty possessed by any known intelligence—I would elect to places of importance and dignity men in whom the organ of causation was most fully developed; always taking care that benevolence, concentrativeness, and the two individualities, duly tempered by comparison, were in sufficient proportion to balance the character. The man of wit, imaginativeness, lower individuality (which gives promptness of anecdote,) and moderate developement of the organ of tune should preside at the festive board. Combativeness and destructiveness should, after the advice of Horace, be for ever excluded from social parties

"Ne'er bring jolly, red-nosed Bacchus
"'Mid blustering bullies who would whack us."

Care ought to be taken, also, not to hurt the feelings of worthy fellows like ——, whose too great developement of self-esteem would be wounded by placing them in the lower seats; more especially as many can be found, with a depression of that organ, who

would not suffer the least pain from what would be torture to the others. Thus it is evident, how, at every turn, even in the minor details of daily etiquette, this admirable science is at hand, an unerring director. Indeed nothing of pleasure or business should be undertaken without the presence or superintendence of one or more practical Phrenologists. They should have offices at elections, to examine the organs of both candidates and constituents; at courts of law, that, when an astute witness eluded the scrutiny of counsel, some lawyer of immense secretiveness may be pitted against him; at marriages to decide on the fitness of the parties, and weigh their mutual sympathies; at ordinations to pronounce on the developement of veneration. Drill aud recruiting serjeants should be well informed on the organs of combativeness and destructiveness; schoolmasters and heads of colleges should be submitted to very strict scrutiny. But it is needless to go the round of the various professions and pursuits into which civilized society is divided. Any one who wishes the inquiry can easily follow it up from the hints I have already thrown out.

No part of my undertaking has subjected me to greater and more unmeaning ridicule than my endeavour to reform the silly modes of salutation which at present obtain amongst us. For instance, when I attempt to subvert the common-place "How are you to-day," (so good humouredly bantered in Goldsmith's Chinese letters,) by saying to any gentleman I may happen to be introduced to

—"Sir, I am happy to make the acquaintance of a person possessing such or such developements."—the introducer and the introduced smile at me deridingly. Instead of the eternal "How do you do," or, "Your most obedient," I contrive to vary my address, and am never compelled to resort to that standing dish the weather. I touch upon something that immediately interests the person I meet, as "Ah Tom—you are at something: I see wit and imaginativeness in strong action with you" (for the habit of scrutiny will soon render the workings of the brain externally perceptible) "well I won't interrupt you now; but do not fail to let me have a sight of your progeny the moment it sees the day"—or thus "Oh! James! your lower individuality seems active—come tell me what amusing anecdote have you been just treasuring up," within the book and volume of your brain?" In such salutations as these there is some meaning; but we should be cautious never to intrude upon the action of causativeness, though indeed it will be rather difficult, (shadowed as it usually is by the hat) to perceive its operation. It would be well that students in Phrenology went bare-headed—but of this more hereafter.

There are other improvements which Phrenology would greatly facilitate; and, being of more general importance, require far deeper consideration. It will be easily perceived that I allude to the correction of that social institution named Government. I need not occupy the time of my readers in adducing arguments to prove that the Republican form is the

one most conducive to the end for which men congregate into societies—that is to purchase the greatest degree of co-operative advantage, at the least expense of personal freedom. The jealousy to be apprehended from those who fatten upon and connive at existing abuses would render this an undertaking of some danger, and consequently would require it to be effected with much secrecy—Here is the greatest obstacle. I have remarked in the course of my Phrenological studies—and indeed the old systems of moral philosophy countenance the observation—that secretiveness is seldom or ever combined, in a great degree, with any of the higher powers and nobler sentiments. The history too of almost all the great reformers, whose revolutionary views were based upon philanthropy, informs us, that the chief bane of all their projects was a too great neglect of caution. Still we must not despair of discovering the desired developements. If men were to pause at the recurrence of every obstacle that at first sight appears insurmountable, nothing noble or hazardous would ever be undertaken.

When a sufficient body of men, possessed of firmness, benevolence, venerativeness, and secretiveness, were established into a sort of philantro-chivalric order, acting under the direction of a causative committee, or men in whose foreheads the organs of causation and comparison were well developed, a plan should be adopted for seizing the persons of those who have a direct interest in existing systems, and either closely confining or otherwise disposing of

them, until the new system was perfected. It would be difficult to find persons qualified to carry this into effect; but, notwithstanding the baleful propensities generally connected with secretiveness, it is impossible that nature, in her endless variety, will not furnish a sufficient body of men, who are honest in spite of the organ: and, surely, it would be ill done, if speculative philosophers should hesitate to avail themselves of exceptions, where the general rule is opposed to their purpose. When the plot would ripen towards it execution, the first person to be seized should be the reigning monarch; and then, in succession, those men of prompt decision whose quickness of action and resolve would render them most dangerous. Such a person as the Duke of Wellington, so quick in camp and council, so fertile in device, so bold in execution, would be a greater prize than even a royal captive. Immediate measures should be taken with such a man—as for the talking men—

> Loud in debate and bold in peaceful council,
> But of a slow unpracticed hand in war—

threaten to let three or four hundred organs of destructiveness loose and it would soon quiet and deter them.

A person strongly exhibiting firmness, causation, benevolence, conscientiousness, and lower individuality—this last to make him observant of the deserts of those who worked beneath him—should be immediately elected to a sort of dictatorship, and

invested with absolute control, until the ferment into which society would be thrown by this sudden alteration, had almost, or entirely subsided. It is here that the great advantages of phrenology would display themselves; enabling us to select a man who would be benevolent without weakness, conscientious without cant, firm without rigour, and bold without ambition. Great care should be displayed in the choice of this person; and a majority of four to one, of the very best phrenologists, should decide on his fitness. As soon as his power was sufficiently established, a general examination of all the heads in the three kingdoms should take place: precaution being used, that the examiners and parties examined should be as little known to each other as possible, lest private pique or personal animosity should influence the decision. The heads in which combativeness and destructiveness overbalanced the other organs, should be taken privately one by one (for if they had any intimation of the consequence, their despair and obstinacy might ruin all) transmitted to transports prepared for that purpose in the nearest ports, and put immediately under irons, until a phrenological parliament had decided on their fate.—For my own part, being averse from bloodshed, I would suggest the sending them to some uninhabited island, where their despair, operating on their propensities, would drive them, like the offspring of the dragons teeth, to mutual destruction —fulfilling the text of the Apocalypse, "He that killeth by the sword shall be killed by the sword."

When these men, from whom the principal danger is to be apprehended, were thus quietly removed, the people should be divided into classes of faculties, sentiments, and propensities; for, though nature asserts distinctions, we, in our ignorance, run counter to and thwart her.

Few laws would be necessary for the regulation of a phrenological people. The doctrine of evidence, at present so abstruse and inconclusive, would at once be simplified and made certain—the bumps of the accused and the accuser giving positive and palpable proof.

As there would be complete equalization of property (that is as far as the system would allow—the faculties and sentiments labouring less than the propensities) there would be no temptation to acquisitiveness, from whose excess, after combativeness, spring the greater number of the evils that afflict humanity—the "*sacra fames auri*," of which the Mantuan bard so pathetically complains. For this reason I would exclude all Scotchmen from the league, their love of acqnisition being incurable.

It may be urged that a people so unwarlike would be liable to the incursions of every neighbouring state; but I would provide for this, by taking care to retain so much of the obnoxious organs as may repel but not provoke aggression; besides, when seminaries would be established for the cultivation of the various powers, man would attain to such an eminence in the arts as would be deemed almost superhuman. Machinery would be so improved that two or three

hundred bloody-minded fellows, kept chained for the purpose, might, with projectiles, batter to pieces every town in any neighbouring kingdom, without once stirring from our own shores: aye, rain rocks on Russia, or inundate the new continent by operating on the waters of the Atlantic. Surely a people so powerful, and using that power so little to the annoyance of others, must always be loved and respected by the states in their vicinity. It will be said a considerable time must elapse before such improvements could take place. Even so, still our advances in chemistry ought enable us to raise artificial storms on the coast, which would effectually deter an enemy. Suppose they ascended above the storms and came in balloons, musquetry would be sufficient to oppose them—such large bodies being very obnoxious to perforation.

As perfection is a thing at which all phrenologists should aim, there ought be a yearly examination of those whose dangerous or deficient organs would thwart its progress; and thus, after two or three generations, we should become a nation of demi-gods. Where organs are mischievious or defective, it may be possible, by binding a weight on the offending part, to establish at once a mark and a corrective. It is probable, when we shall have arrived at this happy state, that means may be discovered for prolonging or perpetuating human life: and, about the same time, some mode of intercourse with the moon and other planets may be established, which

would totally supersede the dread of a superabundant population, and prevent our becoming like "the cannibals who each other eat." I am borne out in this opinion by the general rule that nothing was made in vain; and it is but fair to think that the multiplication of worlds was but *a provision of nature for phrenological discoveries.*

I have here thrown out matter to excite rather than to satiate inquiry; but, before I conclude, I would call the attention of the public to some circumstances which, properly considered, may make it probable that man, in his more perfect state, was cognizant of this divine science; glimmerings of which, like the glimpses of primeval existence that glorify the poets imagination, have broken in upon and illumined the darkness of his fall. To what are we to attribute the fashion of wearing top knots, or a tuft of hair on the front of the head, but a desire of appearing more than naturally benevolent? Was not the shorn crown of monachism intended to display the organ of veneration? and, from a similar motive, do not some Mahomedans of the present day, wear a long lock on the same spot to assist the angel of death in transporting them to their heaven? Was not the Round-headed Parliament framed upon this system—seeing that phrenology accounts those pericraniums most perfect in which equalization of developement produces an appearance of rotundity? Did not the Jesuits perform miracles in education by teaching on the system of distinct faculties?—

Many other instances might be adduced, but I do not wish to wear out my subject.—So farewell for the present; you may depend upon hearing how I succeed in my matrimonial speculations.

POSTSCRIPT.

In about twelve months after the receipt of the foregoing article, we got, through the Post-office, a long letter from the poor Phrenologist, detailing his failure in the matrimonial speculation, and intimating his resolution of abandoning the doctrine in which hitherto he had been so firm a believer. All things had gone wrong with him. He had procured a beautiful and interesting young creature, of very quick intellect, but all the bumps appeared to be placed awry. Her organ of "tune," of which there was a most obvious developement, turned out a decided failure, and, from her progress in arithmetic, seemed to have assumed the function of "numbers." "Wit" appeared to have taken the place of "lower individuality;" and "order" changed position with "colour." Yet, notwithstanding all these disappointments, the amiability of her disposition won so upon him that he insensibly began to love her; and she returned the affection, but only with the feeling of a daughter. She met a young officer towards

whom she contracted a tenderer passion, which was warmly returned. She avowed it to our kind hearted Phrenologist; who, with the disinterestedness so obvious through the whole of his confession, smothered his own love to gratify a passion more suitable, and she now stands with him only in the relationship of a dear ward, towards whom he exercises all the duties of a kind father. He finds more pleasure, he says, in watching over her education, than in his former vain attempts to ameliorate the condition of the human race. Phrenological studies he has particularly abandoned; but, if any of its advocates will discover and establish an organ of "red-coativeness," incident to all woman-kind, and almost without an exception, he may be tempted to give the system a new trial and a further investigation.

ROBERT EMMETT.

In the album of one,
  Who resides where thy name
Is twined with dishonour,
  And blended with shame;
Where the virtues, the glory,
  The hopes that adorned,
Thy struggle, thy story,
  Thy death-scene are scorned.—

Yes, Emmett, even here,
  Shall thy name be set down,
Tho' by eyes that are dear,
  It be met with a frown;
Yes, martyr of Freedom!
  And if she but knew
Its value, its worth,
  She would cherish it too.

For my sake, Felicia,
  Then let it remain;
'Tis part of my spirit—
  The part without stain—
'Tis blent with those watch-words
  No tyrant can quell,
Harmodius, and *Washington*,
  Brutus and *Tell!*

"My knowledge of you is entirely intellectual."

FELICIA'S LETTER.

To——

Yes, spirit! to me but a spirit thou art,
A bodiless vision—a dream of the heart;
I see not thy form, I hear not thy voice,
Yet thou com'st o'er *my* spirit, and bid'st it rejoice.

Is it thus, is it thus, in the bright bowers above,
Those meet, who on earth were united in love:
Whose souls were, like parts of some rapturous tune,
All blent into song—is it thus they commune?

Do they ask not for words their emotion to speak—
The glance of the eye, or the flush of the cheek;
But, spirit to spirit divinely inclined,
Meet, mix, and dissolve in the union of mind?

And is not this silent communion most sweet?
Oh! say, would the bright spell be o'er if we meet?
If so—let us still be apart—let no stain
Be upon it—no shadow of earth intervene.—

Let spirit meet spirit, soul mingle with soul,
Pure, free, and undimmed by the bodies control:
Be earth, and the things that are of it, forgot;
Let us live but in *thought*, as if *substance* were not.

* * * * * *

No Plato! you dreamer! that never will do,
To drink bliss from one cup, when the gods give us two,
Fond words are far sweeter, when fond lips declare 'em,
And bright thoughts are brighter, when kind glances bear 'em

To———

I have a deep and sacred shrine
  Where friendship might repair,
Felicia, wilt thou give me thine,
  And I'll enshrine it there;
I'll offer it thoughts as pure and true
  As were e'er at its altar given;
As soft as the fall of the Summer eve's dew,
  And as mild as the Summer eve's heaven.

And never shall wilder passion break
  On its pure and holy rest,
'Twill be calm and bright as the deep, deep lake
  With the moonlight on its breast;
And I'll wreath it around with flowers, and song,
  Of every tone and dye,
The muse shall her fondest lay prolong,
  And the flower its most fragrant sigh.

Do you ask where this sacred shrine may be?
  And whence these flowers shall spring?
And who is the muse, that, so witchingly,
  Her ravishing spell shall fling?
Fond thoughts—fond thoughts, that never will die,
  'Till life itself depart,
Shall be the flowers:—and the melody
  Kind words—and the shrine—my heart.

* * * * * *

Oh! deem not this love,—to love's withering flame,
  Such purity ne'er was given,
On earth 'tis abused under friendship's name,
  Perhaps it *is* love—in *Heaven*.

On a Fruit Knife with the Inscription

" WHO IS SHE."

" Some beauteous bird without a name."—MOORE.

Who is she? Is the spell
  Of beauty on her brow?
Or does her pale cheek tell
  The breach of plighted vow?
Does she among the gay,
  Run pleasure's giddy round?
Or is she mid the holy haunts
  Of meditation found?

Who is she?—Is her heart
  Young passion's burning shrine?
Or did its early dream depart,
  And leave it cold as mine?
Did all the visions fade
  Gay fancy loves to nurse?
And have their parting footsteps left
  A blessing or a curse?

Who is she?—Mid the fair
  Should I her form descry,
Is her's the sunny hair,
  And still more sunny eye?
Or doth the darker hue
  The raven's plume displays,
Dwell on each tress? and has she all
  The falcon in her gaze?

Who is she?—Is her thought
  Of or *beyond* the earth?
Has her rich fancy caught
  Those shapes of glorious birth,
Which, in its golden dream,
  Imagination sees?
Or does it cling to this dull world's
  More dull realities?

Who is she?—nay, unfold
  The secret name—yet still
I would not have it told;—
  The thousand thoughts that fill
My guessing fancy now,
  Would vanish as they came,
And leave, instead of visions bright,
  A *name*—an empty name.

MR. O'CONNELL.

Beyond a doubt men are born for particular times and peculiar circumstances. It may be that *all*, from the highest to the lowest, have their particular allotments; but then, in the every-day transactions of common life, the ordination is not so obvious. It is only in stirring times, and on great occasions, that we admire the extreme adaptation with which providence fits its instruments to the period and the purpose. We may be all the creatures of circumstances, but men who conduct high undertakings to sucessful issues must be the *creators* of circumstances also. Washington possessed, in the highest possible degree, the simple but great qualities that fitted him for the singleness of purpose to which he was destined. The formation of an O'CONNELL (we had almost said was a more difficult task) required a nicer adaptation for the more involved and complex state of society, which he was evidently raised up to simplify and reform. Taxation without representation was the moving cause of the American Revolution, and, in the pursuit and attainment of that one object, they acquired all the blessings and advantages which self-government confers.

The state of society which O'Connell seems created to *reform is widely* different; the abuses he is

destined to rectify, are more numerous and complex. He has to unravel the tangled skein which it has been the policy and practice of centuries to endeavour more and more to confound; and, as far as he has proceeded, we have found him admirably fitted for the task. There is not in the world a race more proud of their birth-place than the Irish of all sects and parties. Deny to her children, in the presence of one of her sons, the possession of any of the abstract virtues, and you must either swallow your words, or give the usual satisfaction "in opposition bloody:" attribute, in the presence of a partizan or sectarian, any single virtuous action or motive to an individual of the opposite cause or creed, and it is met by the most acrimonious and measureless abuse. Thus, if you admit the evidence of both parties, and take the character of the population from their united testimony, there is not on the face of the earth such a set of robbers, savages, and out-laws on the one hand; tyrants, oppressors, and murderers on the other; but let either draw a character for the abstract Irishman, they so overload it with virtues, that you can scarcely discover its humanity. Nothing less than a descended god could compete with the high-wrought portraiture. They "raise a mortal to the skies" with a vengeance.

To deal with a race, so patriotic yet so divided, so devoted to country yet so dissevered by faction, was a most delicate task and demanded wary working. About the time that Mr. O'Connell began to grow into importance, an attempt to unite the jarring

elements of Irish feeling, and separate this from the sister kingdom, had been made and proved abortive. The great men who engaged and who perished in that undertaking had calculated too hastily. They made their own the criterion of Protestant feeling in general; they believed that because they perceived the *divide et impera* policy of British Toryism, that the thinking of all sects had a similar perception; and that it wanted but one stirring impulse to set the honesty of the nation at work for the nation's regeneration. They could not imagine that four-and-thirty years must elapse before Irishmen began to discuss what *they* had decided. Besides they extended their views too far: goaded by the domestic tyranny, which the pernicious policy of the British ministry not only connived at but encouraged, they contemplated total separation as the only remedy against an influence whose evils they severely felt, but which it would then be difficult to prove. The question with them was not, "What are the advantages derivable from British connexion?" but, "Could Ireland subsist as a separate nation?" That they came to the affirmative conclusion, may be seen from the evidence of M'Nevin, Emmett, and O'Connor, before a committee of the Irish Lords.—In their anxiety for separation they forgot the true question, "How is it that a connexion, so advantageous to both countries, may be best preserved for the benefit of both?" They did not perceive Ireland was ground down that England might be *subjugated*, and that tyranny played the same

game in both countries but with different counters. In England it was but party strife, in Ireland was superadded sectarian rancour.

This abortive but virtuous effort at an undesirable conclusion, must have been a most important lesson to Mr. O'Connell in his political outset. It taught him that a divided people can never effect any great national object; and he set himself steadily to work to remove the religious distinctions which caused the disunion. How well, how progressively, but, above all, how successfully he performed this first and most difficult portion of his task, the Duke of Wellington, and the events of the year 1829 can testify. So ably did he dispose of the materials with which he wrought, that the British minister, "the great Captain of the age," was compelled voluntarily to acknowledge that Catholic Emancipation could no longer be denied with safety. We have all witnessed with what steadiness he avoided the other many and alluring public questions at which popularity grasped—with what straight-forward perseverance he pursued that measure which he knew, and wisely knew, must have precedence in the series that led to his ultimate result. Many of those who acted with—even some who acted honestly, left him for a time; abused, reviled him, but they were compelled to come again into his course and follow in his leading. Some of these were perhaps his superiors in single qualities, but before his combined powers they cowered like chidden curs. Even their ablest appeared either originally formed for his use, or else

of such stuff as could by his genius be bent to his purpose. On a bold stroke he would hazard any thing, even his hard earned reputation, and this daring is the very best test of the honesty of his motive. Had he rested satisfied with Emancipation, his name would have gone down to posterity the noblest amongst its records. His was no vain ambition; his object was the happiness of his country, to which the Emancipation he had just achieved was but the first step.

For Mr. O'Connell's success in his immense undertaking, he was much indebted to a most useful and valuable body of men, whose power had been thitherto neglected or misdirected—the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland. Simple in habits, acute in intellect, pious, self-denying; bound to an idolizing people by ties of love and gratitude; with sympathies, interests, and affections the same; this powerful, but as yet inactive, body was to the Irish public, what the press is now to the British. Ever mixing with the people, consulted by them on every affair of public or private interest, trusted with their most secret thoughts, and always found worthy of the confidence, they were admirably calculated to take a leading part in the new system of constitutional agitation struck out by Mr. O'Connell. They of all others were interested in humbling the haughty government which had proscribed and oppressed them—oppressed them, seemingly because of their religion, but really because they kept alive in the land the spirit of civilization, and stood in the place

of those liberal arts which prevent people becoming totally brutalized. For this they were outlawed, proscribed, and butchered, and wisely did providence

> " To plague the inventors,
> " Commend the ingredients of their poison'd chalice
> " To their own lips."

The very efforts to eradicate the priesthood only bound them more firmly to the people, and added to their power when the day of its exercise should arrive.

There is not, perhaps, another man in Ireland who could have wrought the priesthood into such active co-operation. His rigid and practical christianity (preserved through all his stirring and various pursuits: no mere theory, but acted upon with the strictest and most punctilious observance, and, yet, never unnecessarily obtruded) gave them assurance that any prompting of his would never tend, even in the remotest degree, to a violation of the higher and holier duties to which these their lay avocations were only secondary: Besides, they depended upon his high legal reputation to protect them from falling into the various snares which our complex legislation has set in the way of almost every human transaction. His religious principles, then, conscientiously adopted, and rigidly adhered to, form the great tie by which the Catholic Clergy are bound to him. Without their aid he would lose the right arm of his power: with them he may achieve any

thing in Ireland. Let us not be misunderstood, or supposed to state that either Mr. O'Connell or the priesthood could, if they were so disposed, direct the public mind into any course injurious to the interests of the country. On the contrary, their power lies only in their patriotism: divest them of that principle; and, on the instant, the people of Ireland would fling them off, and find or form new leaders to head them in their progress to freedom. Public opinion is formed by the discussions, which have now become so general; it is propagated through the press; the rural districts take the tone from the towns and cities in their vicinity, and the leaders only direct it to effective operation. How much the agricultural classes have improved in political intelligence within the last few years, the late elections for this county and boroughs amply testify. Before the celebrated election for Clare, the country people, as a mass, were totally ignorant of politics; and, even though they aided in agitating the Emancipation question, they knew nothing of its bearing. They had some faint notion that it might eventually free them from tithes; but of the manner in which it would bring about this most desirable result, they could not form the remotest notion. Now they are more or less informed on all the great questions by which the public mind is agitated; and subjects formerly forced upon their consideration, are now things of their own adoption.

Mr. O'Connell's religious principle has subjected him to the charge of cowardice, and it has been said

that his sanctity is assumed as a cover to his fears. That he would not shrink from personal hazard, was sufficiently and sadly testified, in the unfortunate affair to which his steadiness gave so melancholy a result (a result which he continues to mourn) but it did not require this fatal proof to shew, that, morally or physically, O'Connell is a man of the firmest nerve or the boldest daring. His presence at the immense meetings, where the unnecessary calling out of the military made risques of which he would be the first victim, proved the one; his single and noble pleading at the bar of a foreign legislature, surrounded by strangers in a foreign land, proved the other.

Mr. O'Connell's resolution against duelling, more, perhaps, than any other personal circumstance, fitted him for a leadership. The abuses of Ireland are too many and too grievous to be spoken of, the oppressors of Ireland are too tyrannical to be met, with that courteous hostility which the laws of the duello impose upon those who submit to their rule. An Irish leader who would efficiently fulfil his duty, must speak boldly out of men and measures He must expose every motive, and even tell his suspicions. How could such a man as this, if his "every nice offence should bear its comment," fulfil his arduous task? His resolution against duelling, viewed in this light, and laying aside altogether its barbarous absurdity and immorality, may certainly be pronounced "the wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

O'Connell had certainly before him an augean labour he is the political Hercules of Ireland, and has now proceeded so far, that only the last and least laborious part remains to be done. One task more—REPEAL, and his labours are ended. The foulness is purged away, and he has but to put in order the dwelling he has cleared out.

It has been asked "Why does he not oppose himself to the minor abuses, and proceed, step by step, to the ultimate result?" "Why resort to the sweeping measure of Repeal, before he tries the consequence of a reformed united legislature"? The answers are easy. He knows best the times and the circumstances when general or particular questions are to be urged, and he has given satisfactory assurance of that knowledge. Before the passing of the emancipation bill, many friends of Ireland would have postponed its agitation, and merged the question in the cry for Reform; but O'Connell knew well that such a call would then find no full response in the Irish heart, filled as it was with the echoes of domestic grievance. Some false prophets insisted that reform should necessarily precede emancipation, and that the latter question would never pass but in a reformed house. O'Connell denied this. He opposed the introduction of reform into Irish politics, with a vehemence that made him appear almost an enemy to the measure. The tongues and pens of his enemies went to work to revile and abuse him; even honest men were induced to join in the cry. His wisdom was arraigned, even

his honesty was challenged; but his character and skill weighed down the clamour. His opponents were silenced, the association worked on; and the result indicated his honesty, and re-asserted his political sagacity.

On the question of Repeal he has given another great proof of his ability. He raised the cry in the land at the most appropriate juncture. It was caught up and spread abroad with rapidity almost incredible. The British ministry trembled at its inconceivable progress. The Reform measure was hurried on to divert public attention. When it progressed to a length that forbade retreat, the cry for Repeal was stilled. Ireland put her shoulder to the wheel of British independence, and the new charter of the Empire's liberty was borne triumphantly to its final and successful destination.

Some shallow politicians, who would "wait awhile," if they could, but who were swept along unresistingly by the current of public opinion, imagined the call for repeal was at an end; and one, now a Repeal representative, who owes his return to that pledge, wrote to a tradesman in this city, that Mr. O'Connell himself had abandoned it: but others, better acquainted with public matters, knew that it was only temporarily postponed; and that it would be raised again with a more powerful voice, and in a more determined spirit: the hustings of Ireland have fulfilled their predictions. The "bit by bit" men ask, "Why is not public attention turned to the practical abuses—kept steadily on the corporation

plunder, the grand jury jobs, and all the other evils whose name in the land is legion?" O'Connell knows that now is not the time for discussing these minor, yet most important questions. The moment for Repeal has arrived: it comes in its proper place, after Emancipation and Reform; and, in an Irish house of Commons, accessible to and influenced by the public opinion of Ireland, Irish rights shall be vindicated and Irish abuses corrected. There, and there only, can these questions be discussed and understood.—In England they know nothing of, feel no interest in, and could not legislate for them.

We have viewed the broad features of Mr. O'Connell's political life, and who can deny him political wisdom? Who can refuse to acknowledge that he has adapted his means to the ends, with a foresight and skill unexampled in the working or the result? Emancipation, Reform, Repeal, were the three great tasks he had assigned himself; and, from the success with which he accomplished the two first, we may with some confidence calculate on as favorable an issue to the other. The Emancipation question he carried by the people of Ireland alone, aided by the English Press, and the sympathy of the more intelligent Englishmen: the Reform bill was carried in conjunction with the English people, but principally through the instrumentality of the Irish Representatives; the Repeal—though it would be easy to shew its advantage to the people of England at large—will be achieved before discussion has time to win them over to its advocacy.

A few words on his personal qualifications. Mr. O'Connell was physically formed for a leadership.—His mere corporeal exertions are almost incredible. His prompt attendance at various and distant meetings, invest him with a character of ubiquity; or at least call to your memory the old seven-league boots or the cap of Fortunatus. His noble and commanding figure, his spirited and imposing bust, the sweet but powerful and impressive tones of his voice, running up and swelling upon the ear like the notes of an organ, are sure to impose silence and fix attention. Never did he use these powers more effectively than at a public dinner given to him in Youghal. The Rev. Peter O'Neil—whose sufferings in the year ninety-eight must be fresh in the memory of those conversant with the sad history of that terribly memorable period—was present; and it was in reference to him, and the tyranny exercised towards him, that he uttered one of the noblest pieces of vehement invective to which excited feeling and unstudied eloquence ever gave birth. His eye lightened and dilated, his strong limbs quivered, his whole person seemed enlarged and growing upon your gaze. Even the reporters suspended their task to look upon him, as, with a voice of suppressed thunder, and in language of indignant denunciation, he arraigned the Lord Loftus of the period he alluded to. During its utterance every breath in the room was held in. You might have almost heard the fall of a feather through the air. Even the Rev. Gentleman, as he heard them repeated, appeared again to endure the demo-

niac tortures, whose memory was so forcibly recalled, and shrunk, as if from the lash, at the words of the orator.

But it is less to the force and the sweetness, than to the variety of his eloquence, that he owes his great dominion over the minds of his auditors. He can suit it to every mood of the multitude, and avail himself of every the slightest circumstance. He can play upon the human heart, like an instrument, and run through all its intonations with a magic mastery. This was forcibly illustrated at an anti-slavery meeting, in Cork, where the greater part of the assembly were his inveterate political opponents. He was preceded by the Rev. Mr. Burnett, a gentleman of first rate oratorical powers, and who that day seemed to surpass himself in the strength and splendour of his address,—one part was particularly remarkable for its force and beauty. It was in answering the objection that the slave was contented with his lot; which he insisted was a strong argument in his favour, as no system could be so vile as that which reduced a human being to so degrading a contentment. Even irrational animals, he said, felt nobler emotions; and the chained Eagle, pampered near the nobleman's residence, envied his free brother of the sky as he soared unrestrained above him. In the description of the free eagle's flight he was inimitably beautiful; but there was an involution in the sentence that made you tremble for the speakers power to finish it. He did finish it, exquisitely; for when *we thought* he had closed the climax, he went

on still heightening it, until the hearer seemed almost to conceive a notion of infinity—A dead silence followed by a burst of rapturous applause, acknowledged his mastery.

Mr. O'Connell had to move the next resolution. With the tact so peculiarly his own, he avoided for a while the style of the last speaker and adopted the humourous manner in which he is so very effective. A well turned compliment to Mr. Burnett, won greatly upon that Rev. gentleman's adherents, and the playfulness of his manner impressed the audience generally in his favor. Mr. O'Connell's friends, who at first began to fear for the contrast, at once perceived he was on the right tack: by degrees he became more serious, and concluded with a review of the progress of liberty, in one of the noblest speeches perhaps ever uttered. No passage, it is true, equalled that in Mr. Burnett's; but, as a whole, it was more powerfully effective.

In private life the writer of this article had but few opportunities of observing Mr. O'Connell, but these few were too delightful ever to be forgotten. He found in the great Agitator—the idolized of one party and the detested of the other, all the playful gaiety and fresh feeling of boyhood. He had just arrived from his own mountain wilds, where he had been sojourning through the recess, and the greater part of his talk was of the stirring sports in which he had been so lately a sharer. His memory is immense; and so laden with interesting anecdote, that one would imagine his whole life had been spent in

ıassing amusing stories. His smile is beyond any ıng attractive and winning. It lights up his face e sunshine; but the general character of his untenance, when at rest, is of that pensive cast ıich is ever found to prevail amongst men constantly gaged in high and difficult undertakings. He is e person, of all others, of whom we may say in e language of Shakspeare—

"The elements are
"So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
"And say to all the world—THIS IS A MAN."

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

Festo quid potius die
Neptuni faciam ?—Lib. iii. Ode xxviii.

Come what shall we do on our own Paddy's day ?
Why what *should* we do but be merry and gay ?
John, stop the decanters—insult not the shrine
Of our own patron Saint, with libations of wine,
On the day of his festival. Place on the board
That five year old stuff, I so fondly have stored
For occasions like these : Now, my friends, feast your eyes
With the varying treasure—Tom Walker, Bill Wise,
Harry Hewitt, Joe Hayes, all gay spirits and bright—
But, John, you've forgotten our crowning delight—
The freeborn, the essence, the glory, the *Queen*,
The Empress of liquors, the virgin potteen.
Be quick, man ; the moon's coming up, o'er the hill,
At the rate of a hunt : do ye think she'll stand still,
While you loiteringly linger ? You "son of a gun,"
One would think you had power o'er the moon and the sun,
And could stay them, like Joshua descendant of *Nun*.
There vanish—and, now boys, for bumpers, brim high ;
I am sure, to this toast, you will drain the glass dry,
Here's the union—nay check your intemperate zeal—
Here's the union of all Irish hearts for Repeal !
Come, now for the song and the laugh ; be the night
Devoted to gladness and social delight :
A bumper to Venus, who gave her own smile
To the eyes and the lips of the girls of our Isle.
Fill to Moore ; our own Moore ; at whose song o'er the main,
Even tyranny wept as it strengthened the chain.
Ere the evening is ended, how many a name,
Of the brave who now sleep in the cross-ways of fame,
Shall chasten awhile, the more noisy delight,
That rings through the joy of our festival night ;
And, when the hour comes that desires us give o'er,
We'll drink "Doch-a-dhorros" in one bottle more.

WHISKEY.

AIR—"*Bobbing Joan.*"

Whiskey, drink divine!
  Why should driv'lers bore us
With the praise of wine,
  Whilst we've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
  Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
  If we could not sing thee?

Whiskey, drink divine!
  Why should driv'lers bore us
With the praise of wine,
  Whilst we've thee before us?

Greek and Roman sung
  Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
  To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes—let Erin's sons—
  Gen'rous, brave, and friskey—
Tell the world, at once,
  They owe it to their whiskey.

Whiskey, &c.

If Anacreon—who
  Was the grape's best poet—
Drank our *Mountain-dew*,
  How his verse would shew it:
As the best then known,
  He to wine was civil
Had he *Inishowen*
  He'd pitch wine to the d—l.

Whiskey, &c.

Bright as beauty's eye,
  When no sorrow veils it;
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
  When young love inhales it;
Come, then, to my lip—
  Come, thou rich in blisses—
Every drop I sip
  Seems a shower of kisses.

Whiskey, &c.

Could my feeble lays
  Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
  Should my brows encumber:
Be his name adored,
  Who summed up thy merits
In one little word,
  When he called thee *spirits*.

Whiskey, &c.

Send it gaily round—
  Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
  This enchanting treasure:—
And, when tyrant death's
  Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
  Be, whiskey! whiskey! whiskey!

Whiskey! drink divine!
  Why should driv'lers bore us
With the praise of wine,
  Whilst we've thee before us?

WHERE ART THOU?

To Miss M———

Where art thou?—Where art thou?—I've come o'er the sea
To gaze once again my dear Mary on thee;
Each wild wave that speeded our onward career,
Was joy to my eye, and was song to my ear;
For it told me, once more thy fair form I should see;
Then Mary, where art thou, where art thou from me?

Where art thou? where art thou? bright eyes I have met,
And love lit their glances of azure or jet;
And joy, like the light of a dimly-seen star,
Came down on my spirit—but misty and far;—
For I read in their looks but the mem'ry of thee,
Then Mary, where art thou, where art thou from me?

Where art thou? where art thou?—Rich lips I have seen,
And breath'd the sweet perfume exhaling between,
And hung on the spells they have uttered the while,
And felt all my spirit dissolve in their smile:—
Tho' I knelt at *their* shrine I was worshipping thee,—
Then Mary, where art thou, where art thou from me?

Where art thou? where art thou? the summer is gone,
And autumn's soft twilights and shadows come on;
Love's music is now on the breeze—in the stream:
And 'tis sweet as the spell of a passionate dream:
All, all is enchantment—breeze, streamlet and tree—
Then Mary, where art, where art thou from me?

Where art thou? where art thou? Nay linger not now
To cheer my dark soul with the light of thy brow;
The shadows of earth o'er my spirit have roll'd,—
Young hope's early blossoms lie withered and cold,
Every hope, every wish is now centered in thee—
Then *Mary, where art thou*, where art thou from me?

"AS SHAKSPEARE SAYS."

Many apophthegms, opinions, reflections, &c. are pawned upon the immortal bard, by the use of this phrase, which he himself, if questioned on, would blush to acknowledge. Indeed his book has been almost as much abused as the sacred volume of Revelation, and pressed to the support of nearly as great a variety of opinions. There is no villainy which you may not prop up by quotations from Shakspeare: not that he himself would countenance the wickedness; but, having to paint mankind as he found them, and being compelled, for the support of his plot, to introduce scoundrels into his *dramatis personæ*—though by no means in the proportion of what may be found in real life—he was obliged to suffer them to gloss over their conduct by such sophistries as their own ingenuity suggested. This phrase of "as Shakspeare says," if allowed to the extent to which it is used, or rather to which it is *ab*used, would make him, who from the little we know of his life, and from the much we know of his writings, must have realized the eulogium passed upon his own Brutus—this phrase, thus abused, would give him the brutality of Caliban, the lewdness of Falstaff, the tyranny of Richard, the ambition of Cæsar, the pride of Coriolanus, the misanthropy

of Timon. It would identify him with all the worst and best of the various characters he has so exquisitely drawn, and make him

"Not one—but all mankind's epitome."

Ever, when you hear "as Shakspeare says," be sure to ask from what play the quotation comes, what character utters it, and then you can calculate how far it ought to go in influencing your opinions?

There are few writers, if indeed there be any, who have kept their own individual opinions and peculiarities of thought and disposition, so much apart from their works as has Shakspeare. Every thing noble in expression, exalted in sentiment, dignified in style, and just in thought is undoubtedly his—for, passing through his capacious mind, each of those took the hue of his own glorious character: but into whose mouths does he put these sentiments? They will be found expressed either by the most admirable personages in his dramas, or else uttered for the purpose of winning their approbation; and, when coming from lips unworthy of the sentiment, they are only illustrative of the profound observation which calls hypocrisy "the homage paid by vice to virtue."

By no persons more than by the Tories have extracts from Shakspeare been thus abused in support and confirmation of their own illiberal purposes. There is no act of tyranny, no abuse of authority, no outrage of the law, no inroad upon popular right, no violation of public opinion, no calumny upon

popular feeling, which these hireling scribes are not ready to prop up with Shaksperian authority.

Coriolanus is the regular Tory armoury, from which the enemies of popular rights and popular virtues select their weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, and reproach; but in looking into the volume, we find that it is by Coriolanus himself—the haughty insolent, overbearing Coriolanus—or some of his immediate partizans the terms of abuse are furnished. Tis he who calls the people

> " Dissentions rogues,
> " That, rubbing the poor itch of their opinion,
> " Make themselves scabs;"

and this ruffian " ride-'em-down" of a Roman oligarchy—like some of our own day, who possess all his virulence but without his valour—this bully of a domineering amd oppressive party, who, if the nobility would but

> " Let him use his sword, would make a quarry
> " With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, (the people) as high
> " As he could pick his lance"—

is, in 1833, quoted as authority for the rulers of a free people. The ravings of an insane aristocrat, blindly and bigotedly wedded to the prejudices of his party, are foisted upon the Bard of Avon as the matured convictions of his mighty mind.

What was the real character of this scorner of "the common file," as he imperiously denominated the people? Why, in every thing, except perhaps personal bravery, the Duke of Wellington is his superior. Shakspeare's Coriolanus (for we must now only view him as the hero of the dramatist) was a hot-headed choleric fool, with but two virtues: military daring and filial duty. For the first, the citizens of Rome would be content (as one of them says in the play) "to give him good report, but that he paid himself with pride even to the altitude of his virtue:" to preserve the other he broke faith towards the Volcians, with whom he traitorously confederated. Let the Tories quote Coriolanus, not Shakspeare, and we shall not grudge them the authority

"Even though they construe things, after their fashion,
"Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

It is not by such passages as—

"There's a divinity doth hedge a King
"That treason can but peep to what it would"—

that we can arrive at Shakspeare's estimation of kingly power and authority. The speaker of these lines, himself a regicide and usurper, knew well that majesty, divested of its conventional trappings and supports, sinks even below the level of common humanity: but, forsooth, because

"a vice of kings:
"A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
"That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
"And put it in his pocket!"

ciate himself with man in every possible situation, and under every influence of circumstance. His imagination stood aloof from the world, but his soul was social.

It is a foul calumny upon the memory of one of God's most gifted creatures, to suppose, for a moment, that he would be the abettor or advocate of tyranny. A man, such as he, with a knowledge (almost intuitive) of every subject, could not but be proud to aid in the developement of the powers that lie folded up in the intelligences of his kind. Your secondary geniuses, who dread rivalry and fear competition, may have an interest in repressing the energies of their species, but his spirit was above such little envy. In every thing he undertook he was the unequalled master—

" Hear him but reason in divinity,
" And, all admiring, with an inward wish
" You would desire, he had been made a Prelate;
" Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
" You'd say, it had been all-in-all his study:
" List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
" A fearful battle rendered you in music;
" Turn him to any cause of policy,
" The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
" Familiar as his garter: when he speaks,
" The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
' And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
" To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

PASSION — AN IMPROMPTU.

"You do not love with passion."

"With passion!" did you say, my girl?
The shell that holds the unseen pearl
In its pure concave, doth not clasp
Its treasure in a firmer grasp,
Then I hold thee within my heart:—
'Twas heaven to meet—'twere hell to part.

"With passion!"—sever light from day,
Take from the star its trembling ray,
It's warmth from wine, its soul from song,
From Erin's sons their sense of wrong,
The gleam of beauty from thy brow,
Its whiteness from the untrodden snow,
Do any thing, most hard, and yet
Thou canst not teach me to forget.

"Passion!—for language must be found
Some quicker sense, some stronger sound;
Words must be fire, to tell the pain
And pleasure of my fever'd brain.—
The mother, when her infant child
First in her face unconscious smiled,
And that same mother, when its breath
Was frozen by the touch of death,
Felt joy and anguish—but her sense
Of these was never so intense,
As when athwart my heart and brow
The madd'ning thoughts are flushing now;
When I half hope, half doubt of thee,
Questioning of thy constancy.

"Passion!"—can you not read the tale
Upon my brow?—My cheek is pale—
My falt'ring tongue forgets to speak,
My fever'd pulse is wan and weak,
There's lava fire within my breath,
And in my heart the sense of death:—
Oh! you may read it in my eyes,
I'm Passion's PRIEST and SACRIFICE.

TO LITTLE HARRIET, OF MOSESTOWN.

Little beautiful being! how glorious thou art!
What a lustre springs up to thy eyes from thy heart,
As if thy young spirit, enamour'd of light,
Would settle for ever in dwellings so bright—
Round thy lip the rich smile that in extacy glows
Adds a still deeper tint to its exquisite rose;
The freshness of spirit, bestowed at thy birth,
Has yet caught no taint from its contact with earth;
A halo of Heaven seems round you to shine,
As if thy pure soul made thy body divine.

Oh! still, as you pass through this valley of tears,
When time o'er thy form flings his vesture of years,
Preserve the young glow of thy spirit, which now
Sheds a gladness so holy and pure round thy brow!
Then, whate'er may betide thee of pleasure or pain,
That best of all treasures—*content*—will remain;
With that you may laugh at all time, at all change,
At foes who may frown, or at friends who grow strange:
Let the world pass what judgment it may—on thy part
Thou hast still thy appeal to an innocent heart.

FIRST LOVE

A FRAGMENT.

Love! heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-walking, sleep—that is not what it is!—

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I had always—I do not know whether on the authority of some commentator or from my own opinion—accustomed myself to consider this passage in our great dramatist, merely as a heaped assemblage of quaint antitheses collected together to startle and enliven by their opposition. A little observation of my own feelings—and our own feelings are the best criterion as to the natural in passion—has made me look on it quite differently.

I do not know that I ever found love—with all its incredible inconsistencies—its varying emotions, and conflicting sensations, so strongly and concisely described before. I have not myself, from the age of sixteen, been visited by this spirit; and, since that time, had accustomed myself to consider his influence as a mere toy of youth—his empire as an Utopian kingdom, and himself but as a vision with which boyish fancy loved to cheat its hours of idleness.—That he was of the shadowy race of fairies and *genii, whose* dwelling is by the vale, and the

forest, and the mountain, and whose town residence (when they come in to winter) is the servant's-hall and nursery fire-side. An event of recent occurrence has sadly convinced me that love *is*—that my heart, though unknown to me, was his sanctuary, and that I still carried about with me the toys of infancy, though circumstances counteracted my infant propensity to indulge in them.

How fondly the heart rushes back into former feelings, and revels in the remembrance of vanished delights! How ardently do we hasten to acknowledge that "such things were, and were most dear to us," when memory, touching the chain of cherished associations, bids it vibrate to its furthest link. Take all that Hope holds out of bright or alluring—all that anticipation presents in her most Circean cup—all that ambition aims at, or possession ensures—compare them with the treasures young Memory has hoarded in her inmost cell, and, though tricked in all the colours of near or actual enjoyment, they shrink before the simple yet cherished pictures of the past, as the fresh but soul-less productions of modern artists, from the touching though faded strokes of a Reubens or a Titian,

About a fortnight since, the wheather being very stormy, I had drawn my chair and table close to the fire, collected as many books as I thought would give variety to the evening, and made all necessary preparation for an intellectual lounge, when I heard one of my sisters whisper the other—"She is dead." —"Who?" I inquired—"Ellen——" How can I

describe my feeling ?—It was annihilation and sensation combined.—This may seem a strange expression but I felt it—I feel it now—yet can no otherwise describe it than by imagining void with a spirit in it—an infelt sense of sensation with nothing to perceive but your own capability of perception—an endless, boundless, starless night with being in the centre of it. That is annihilation, or there is no such thing—a sense of dark, dreary, and interminable existence.—To be nothing is to be without loving or being loved.—I loved Ellen—I said it when a boy—I must have thought it when a man—I feel it now ! It could not have faded from my bosom, and returned again with such force and freshness, for a word or an event.—It was written in secret on my heart, like letters that come out before the fire ; but what heated my heart cooled hers—death. I cannot be persuaded that love for an object is not born with us—coeval with the first germ of our existence, even though that object may not yet have come into being :—mine was such— * *
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I had not heard Ellen's name for three years, I had no memory of having thought of her, and yet I must have thought of her. Her image was in my heart, veiled—death withdrew the curtain. Oh ! how quickly did the visions of youth and youthful extacy spring up to memory ! I saw her as I had first seen her with my sister. It was a holyday—we had leave of absence from school, my sister and her friends were emancipated also. We were children, we were

imitators, and should be in love like our elders. I was to be accompanied by the boys, my sister by the girls, and our relationship formed the link which was to bring us all into contact. I had been on such adventures before, and my companions expected that my experience should begin the conversation, and give them confidence to pursue it. I intended —I promised to have done so—Alas, I was not aware of the new feeling that was about to put all my experience to flight.

In my former transactions of this sort I was indifferent—more than indifferent. I would rather be at my top or marbles, but vanity would have me a gallant, though the character was irksome to me. I was eager to be the favorite of the fair, merely because it gave me weight in the eyes of my companions; and I played the character well, for I was not too anxious about the success. But when I came this day to my sister, accompanied by my friends, to whom my bearing was to be an example —when I saw Ellen—The girls had been throwing snow-balls in sport, the delicate rose on her cheek was heightened by the exercise, her rich lips were apart, and she breathed odour through them, her teeth shewed like drops of hail just fallen in the rose's cup, and her bright blue eyes laughed out through the dishevelled ringlets of her golden hair, like specks of deep azure from the fleecy cloud which the sun has just illumined. As she discharged, from a hand fairer than the missile it flung, a ball loose of snow into the kerchief of one of her young com-

panions, and laughed in angel mirth at the success of her innocent mischief, I never beheld such a picture of playful, winning beauty. Grace, and loveliness, and health, and elasticity were in her and around her; she seemed a thing of air—a spirit clothed in the essence of bodily beauty—a rich dream, sketched off by one awakening from the deep visions of sleep, whilst yet his fancy was imbued with the bright reality that had passed :—for dreams *are* the realities of sleeping existence, and far stronger and more touching than the cold shadows of the waking world. My love was but a dream, from which I awoke too soon, and it left nothing behind but the bitter memory of its sweetness.

I was not introduced to Ellen that day—we were too young for such formalities. It was but to hear her name, catch it up, and repeat it when the circumstances of our play rendered such repetition necessary. But, though she wantoned around me like a sweet tone, or an odorous air, or a young bird with joy upon its wing; though her eye smiled a pure welcome to my advances, I could not join in their mirth. I was too full of a new feeling—too much humbled by the presence of beauty—too much awed by the germ of deep passion—for it was not yet passion (I was too young to feel that, though too enthusiastic not to perceive its incipiency) it was sentiment just about to expand into love, with all of passion except its daring. It was acting deep within, but gave no visible sign. It rather covered itself with coldness like flame beneath the frozen Hecla;

and I left Ellen that day with an opinion, that I was a cold and spiritless being

My companions succeeded better. They were gay, buoyant, and spirited. They mocked at me for undertaking the office without the capability of a leader, and, enlivened by their success, determined thenceforward to enact for themselves a character in which they soon left me immeasurably behind. My pride, acting on a dread of ridicule, was always my inveterate foe in any affairs of the heart; and that day tinged all my after life with the colour of its unsuccessfulness. Where I wished to seem most amiable I appeared most repulsive, and, instead of remedying by after cheerfulness my first failure, I only added to its impression by indulging in gloomy melancholy over my past error.

It is true I sent rhymes to Ellen, with little presents; and, being a better master of numbers (such as they were) than any of my young competitors,—for all my companions became my rivals—I succeeded in gaining some favor in her eyes. But when we met my looks undid what little favor my lines had procured for me; they bore no comment on my written words, or by their coldness made unintelligible the text they dreaded to illustrate. I spoke but little and distantly; and though I at that time thought my mistress possessed very little discernment in not discovering deep love beneath the folds of assumed apathy, I have since learned that the young heart shrinks back instinctively from mystery. I was old in concealing my feelings though young in

years. I had been frequently laughed at as an enthusiast, and determined, however I may indulge in any other species, to conceal that which is of all the wildest and most easily ridiculed—the enthusiasm of love. I succeeded too well—I assumed the most impenetrable disguise. How could a girl of thirteen see through the looks of one who, though only her own age, had more than the subtlety of a man in masking love under assumed indifference?—I cannot say that circumstances were unfavorable to my passion. A few weeks after my acquaintance with Ellen, our families went to summer in a watering place near the city. Our cottages immediately adjoined—our intercouse was incessant. There was no other of my sex and age in the neighbourhood—every thing was propitious. I never before or since felt moments so rapturous; if to a passion so calm yet deep as mine the term rapture would apply. Yet it was not, when, mingling with my sister and me, (though that was bliss unspeakable) Ellen displayed all her childish fascinations, that I felt the fullness of enjoyment. Oh no—my love was too delicate to let any but her—to let *even* her perceive it. It was when she sat in her window, hidden yet revealed by the thin transparent curtain, and sometimes entirely concealed by the gently waving jessamine that clustered round it, whilst I lay on the sloping green without, protected from the sun by a deep willow that flung its soft shadow over my velvet couch. The wide and tranquil ocean was beside *me, the quiet* blue sky above; and she—my only

one—my beloved—my more than half of existence, so near me, looking on me, with eyes whose glances I dreaded to meet, though their smiles were my sunshine, their light my atmosphere—I lived I breathed in it. We spoke not, yet I felt no want of conversation—she spoke with no other, she could see no other, and I was satisfied. She seemed my own—she *was* my own *then* surely. Her cottage was a jail and I the keeper. Mine was the miser's love for his gold—to hoard and look on it. I sought not to use it, it was enough no one else used it, and that was to me enjoyment. I could lie thus for hours, I could have lain there until now, without a wish for, without a thought of change. I do not know what she deemed of me as I lay thus entranced. It never occurred to me to ask myself the question; I was too full of happiness to make inquiry as to its cause or continuance.

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This lasted some time. I cannot say how long—such moments are not to be counted. At length one of my friends—one of my rivals too—paid me a visit. He called to see Ellen—I was with him—he took her by the hand—they laughed—they chatted—they had much to say of things which occurred during their separation. They expected me to join in their conversation—I could as soon speak an unknown language—my voice was choked—I was suffocated—I was obliged to go into air—The fairy

visions I had indulged in, the sweet hopes I had cherished were blasted—overthrown—by a talker—a mere talker, whose idle news of this person and that were more welcome, more attractive, than all my silent adoration, my submissive attachment * * * * * * Ellen did not mean to wound me; she would not hurt the meanest insect. My own temperament was my enemy. Naturally sensitive, that sensibility was nursed into morbid sickliness by romantic reading and solitary habits—alone on the mountain, in the valley, by the sea beaten cliff, my spirits were high, unchained, and buoyant. My wildest imaginations might utter themselves aloud; my day-dreams were realities: there was no sneer to repress them, no wisdom to display their folly. In society it was otherwise. I felt no interest in the subjects on which others conversed; wrapped up in a shroud of thoughts which were not their thoughts, my conversation would be unintelligible to, my words misunderstood by my young companions. Even Ellen knew me not. I appeared to her wayward—a riddle—which she could not, or would not solve. * * * * * *

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My visitor left me—and, though pique kept me for some days from Ellen's window, I returned by degrees to my former habit—my former happiness. Thus passed my time in passionate tranquillity, and when I left my station by the cottage, it *was only to brood* over a romance in some wave-

worn cave, where I still preserved her image before me in the character of my heroine. I quarrelled with, quitted her, fought for, became reconciled, and obtained her. This could not last. There cannot be a heaven on earth—at least not long. I enjoyed it for a time with the exception of my visitor. It was too sweet to be prolonged. We left the country. * * * * * * *

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My school busines and young ambition struck out new channels for my feelings.—Always ardent, I followed with avidity where they led. My compositions and translations were admired—I should be a translator and composer. I succeeded and was praised; praise and success ruined me. I thought I gained the summit when I only ascended a few steps. Ellen was neglected—not forgotten. My rivals in love became my competitors in literature, and I turned from one boundary to defend the other. Let no fastidious critic call this unnatural, I am the best judge of my own feelings.

But Ellen is gone and * * * * * * * *

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To ———

WITH COOMBE'S ELEMENTS OF PHRENOLOGY.

I send—and in faith it is time I should send it—
  This book about bumps, so long promised to thee;
I acknowledge my crime—will not try to defend it,
  But let thy own heart my kind advocate be.

Perhaps, when you've studied this book, you may find
  What portion of my CEREBELLUM is wrong,
And shew cause why a wretch who loves all womankind,
  Neglected the fairest of women so long.

And, should it appear that some baser propensity
  Urged the omission, oh! do not decide
Until your good nature—and you've an immensity—
  To come to some kinder conclusion has tried.

Phrenology must in this instance befriend me,
  Or else I'll shake hands with its doctrines and part,
Unless from the charge of neglect it defend me,
  The head does *not* tell the contents of the heart.

For, tho' much to believe in the system inclined,
  I still my dear Ellen a sceptic will be,
Until in my poor pericranium it find
  A bump of PECULIAR affection for thee.

To ———

Dear ELLEN! nine months, since we parted,
  Have passed, bringing pleasure and pain:—
Has the interval left you whole-hearted?
  Shall I meet you unwedded again?
You know 'twas O'CONNELL's election
  First brought us together my dear:
Say, would you have any objection
  To another election next year?

I saw, while ago, in the FREEMAN,
  A paragraph stating there would;
And urging each half score pound fee-man
  To register soon as he could.
In that case, once more I shall wander
  Where FERGUS his sullen wave pours;
And, rapt in elysium, I'll ponder
  On sunset's soft beauties—and yours.

I'll think how—when SHIEL was declaiming,
  And all Ennis ran out to hear—
We sat in the drawing-room, framing
  Some plan for our meeting next year:
He raved about VESEY FITZGERALD,
  Whose Committee "cough'd and cry'd hem;"
You asked, if I wrote for the "HERALD?"
  I answered, I sighed for the "Gem."

I'll think of our cakes on the griddle,
  When the bread at the bakers ran short;
I'll think how with you I used idle,
  Tho' business required me in court;
I'll think how I daily grew thinner
  As the time of our parting drew near;
And how I drank grog at my dinner,
  When the "Forties" drank up all the beer.

I'll think of Miss B——'s—How the old one
  Would take up the cudgels for D-n,
And, in her high flights, almost scold one
  Who would not be his partizan :
How the young, pretty, pale one would linger
  All day 'till O'G——n pass'd by,
And kiss the white tip of her finger,
  To catch the arch glance of his eye.

I'll think of the Waterford genius,
  Who modestly hinted a fear
(But that secret sweet Ellen's between us)
  That he won your affections my dear ;
And I'll think how I played off the jealous
  Whenever my own little Gem,
Lent ear to the chat of these fellows,
  Tho' I felt I was better than them.

I'll think of the beautiful faces
  Each window in Ennis displayed,
As if all the loves and the graces
  Had there some high festival made :
I'll think—pshaw, this thinking grows stupid—
  So I think I had better give o'er ;
But soon, with the blessing of Cupid,
  I'll visit sweet Ennis once more.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS HELENA JANE T——

The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest. SCOTT.

Thou art pass'd, like the bloom of a summer flower,
Like the balmy breath of a vernal hour,
Like a sweet tone drawn from the air-harp's strings,
Like the spirit of Hope's imaginings;
Oh! all that is loveliest to hear and to see
Of *graceful* and beautiful pass like thee!

Thou art gone, like a star from the silent night,
When the skirt of the tempest o'ershadows its light;
Like the diamond dew from the mountain side
When the sun looks out in his fiery pride;
Like the purple streak from the evening sky,
When the shadows of night come sweeping by;
And ever thus, from our earth, alas!
All things brightest and purest pass.

We knew thou wert leaving us, yet did we twine
The love of our spirits more closely with thine;
Thy voice had a gentler and sweeter tone
Than in happier hours to our hearts was known;
And all we loved in thee grew dearer and dearer,
As the moment of parting came nearer and nearer,
'Till we almost denied thee to HIM who had given
To earth for awhile what he destined for Heaven.

Our flower is gone when its bloom was newest,
Our harp unstrung when its tone was truest,
Our gleam of summer has died in its spring,
Our hope in its birth lies withering,
Our star in its first young splendour shaded,
And the light of our evening hour is faded:

Yet 'tis but for a time
And again we'll meet,
In a happier clime
Amid scenes more sweet;
Where no ray becomes chill,
Where no flower ever dies,
And thou'lt bloom for us still
In Paradise.

REPEAL—WHIGS AND TORIES.

"Where the spirit of the people is impatient of a government by arms, and desirous of a government by laws, then the spirit of the people is not unfit to be trusted with their liberty."

HARRINGTON.

In discussing the question of Repeal, the difficulty is, not to refute but to discover the arguments of its adversaries. Those who oppose the agitation of the question generally urge the following points. The length of time which has elapsed since the incorporation; the difficulty of untwining and separating the various interests, which, in consequence of the union, have been wound up together; the dread of extreme collision, if left to themselves, between the two parties into which the country is divided; the involved financial relations; the unlikelihood of England's assenting to the measure, and the impossibility of its being carried without that assent.

The answers to those objections are in my mind simple enough. To the first I would reply, that no abeyance, though sanctioned by centuries, can be considered as an abandonment of the prescriptive right of an independent nation to be governed by such a constitution, or mode of laws, adapted to the changes of the times, and the habits and manners of

the people, as she herself shall deem best calculated to meet the increasing intelligence of those for whose service her various institutions were designed. The talk of intertwined interests is a piece of cant too flimsy to pass current upon a question so important as this. No interest, however high, should stand in the way of a nation's regeneration; and, unfortunately for this country, she cannot boast of any interest which, in the controversy, could claim a moment's consideration. If (which remains to be proved) any other nation derives an advantage from the legislative connexion, that country may plead some excuse for its endeavour to preserve it, and balance self interest against justice: but the Irishman who pretends love to his country, should not shelter his apathy under so paltry an excuse or so foreign a motive. As to the collision between the two conflicting parties in the country (an objection merely founded upon opinion) it can never be greater than it at present is. It is every day on the decrease, and the establishment of a domestic legislature would be the most likely measure to give a death-blow to this ministerially-fostered and unnatural division.*

Though this is an objection urged in sincerity by many honest men, the great majority of those who put it forth are perfectly well aware of the little

* As certainly and suddenly as a good state of health dispels the peevishness and peril of sickness, does a good state of Government the animosity and danger of parties.

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weight that should attach to it. They clearly see that the great mass of the people, of all sects and creeds, are beginning to perceive the folly of contending for the loaves and fishes, which, to whatever side victory inclines, are only divided amongst the leaders; and are resolved, henceforward, to co-operate actively only in those efforts, which, by benefiting the general community, will add to the comforts and privileges of every individual who helps to make up the great body of the people. That there may be, amongst the uneducated of the protestant body, honest but ignorant men, who believe that, in the event of Ireland's obtaining a resident legislature, an attempt would be made by the catholic majority to turn the tables upon the protestant minority, I can very well conceive. Indeed it is natural that the agressor should expect retaliation when power has changed hands: but time has been teaching a great popular lesson, and Ireland has not been the last, or the least willing, to avail of the instruction. The thinking of all parties, both protestant and catholic, have found the evil of ascendancy. They know that it is the oppression of the many for the profit of the few; that the name of religion has only been used as a cloak to cover the jugglery: and, if the catholic aristocracy acquired the power, or had the will, again to re-establish so anti-social a principle, the catholic people would rise up against them in the most determined opposition.

As *to the involved* financial relations, I agree with

a clever writer, who opposes Repeal in the Sun newspaper under the signature Daleth, "that a financial view of this question is both a very narrow and a very fallacious one." I have not seen the letters of Publicola, in the Despatch, to which Daleth refers, and which, it appears, advocate Repeal on the ground of the financial advantages which would accrue to England in the event of that measure being carried; but, if he were arguing on the side of Ireland, I would unhesitatingly say

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis"—

The great question of a nation's existence is not to be weighed in the scale of financial adjustment, or decided by the preponderance of this or that interest. Considerations of this sort may have their due weight in their appropriate places; but they are not to occupy the foreground of discussion, to the exclusion of topics infinitely paramouut.

The unlikelihood of England's consenting to the measure is no argument, *pro* or *con*, by which an Irishman should decide his conviction, or his determination how he should act upon that conviction.—If the great bulk of the people of this country come to the conclusion (and they are making large strides towards, if they have not already arrived at it) that nothing but Repeal will remedy all the evils by which she is overborne, it becomes the duty of every man to leave no effort unmade to accomplish that only remedial measure: the rest he must commit to pro-

vidence. A very able writer* gives, as a rule on these occasions, the following direction. "Having enquired to the best of his power, a man has done all that depended on himself, and would exhibit little wisdom were he to torment himself with reproaches for an unfortunate issue."

The impossibility of carrying the measure without the assent of England is a mere matter of opinion, which may perhaps be refuted by matter of fact. If, indeed, the assertion could be proved with mathematical precision, it would be worse than madness in Ireland to make the attempt; but, until such proof be furnished, the likelihood is that the people in this country will continue in the effort.

There are two others which should have been stated amongst the enumerated objections. The first is, that Repeal would lead to separation; and the next, a dread, (which I understand is expressed both by protestant and catholic proprietors, but particularly by the former,) that, in the event of Repeal, a resumption of confiscated property would take place in favor of those descended from the original owners.

The latter of these two objections is in some measure countenanced by Daleth, in the fourth paragraph of his first letter to the Sun, where he makes confiscation the first radical cause of Irish discontent. It is strange that a person like Daleth, who charges

* Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, &c.
London: R. Hunter, 1829, 8vo.

the English with being acquainted with "the manners of the inhabitants of Siberia, Greenland, Lapland, China, Hindostan, Egypt—any place but Ireland—and of that country they know nothing:"—it is strange that such a writer should make confiscation "one of the radical causes of Irish discontent." Indeed, remotely, and as tending to produce the disposition amongst the aristocracy by which a British minister was enabled to carry the Union, it may be viewed in this light; but the immediate cause of Irish discontent is the overwhelming misery to which she has been reduced by the continual drain of the whole produce of her soil (her only production) through the instrumentality of that devastating measure.

There is not a man in Ireland mad enough to dream of resumption of property; nor, until I found it in the letters of Daleth, did I believe that such an opinion was ever seriously entertained by any rational being. I thought it merely one of the bugbears used by the Dublin Mail and the Cork Constitution to excite the terrors and awaken the jealousy of their timid readers.

How would this resumption be attempted? Either by force or law. It could not be by the former; for this country, though disturbed and dissatisfied, is not, as yet, in a condition any way bordering upon anarchy: and, surely, the acquisition of that, which above all things it seeks, would have the effect rather of tranquillizing than further disturbing it.—Property of every sort is too well fixed here, and (all

things considered) too well subdivided, to allow of any measure so pregnant with confusion. Poor as we are, we are not so very wretched—more especially the middling and more influential classes—as to be prepared to throw our all into one common heap as a prelude to a general scramble. It could not be by law, for no law would sanction such proceedings; or, if it did, the inquiries would be too complex, the claimants too remote, the period too distant, the evidence too loose and inconclusive to warrant the hazard. Besides, the persons in whom any shadow of claim may lie are generally too poor to entail upon themselves the expenses—but the meeting such an objection is only next in silliness to the making it.

The bugbear of separation must be met in the same manner in which we reply to England's refusing her assent to Repeal. If it be proved that no other measure can materially benefit the country, it becomes every Irishman to endeavour to accomplish that measure, even *though* separation should follow the accomplishment. But why must separation be a neccessary result? Hear Daleth.

"I am firmly persuaded," he says, in the 12th paragraph of his first letter, "the Repeal of the Union will lead to the total separation of Great Britain from Ireland. It is sheer nonsense to suppose that the people of Ireland, having got the Repeal, would suffer themselves to be insulted with the mockery of a Parliament such as that which disgraced College Green previous to the Union. Such

a Parliament ought never to have had an existence, and assuredly never will again. The Irish Parliament could do nothing. Of its members not one had the power to bring in a bill until the consent of the minister here was obtained, and even when passed it was worth nothing until it had a second time received the sanction of the Government. Every man that has room in his head for two distinct ideas, must see that it is not such a Parliament as this is wanted in Ireland. And if to the Irish Parliament be ceded the privilege of enacting laws, what remains of her becoming an independent state but that she declare herself one? Aye, and she will do so as soon as she has the power."

"Every man that has room in his head for two distinct ideas" must easily perceive that it will require a logic more conclusive than this of Daleth to win the people of Ireland from the discussion of Repeal. Because the people of Ireland will not be satisfied with such a parliament as they had before the Union, and because such a parliament never should have had an existence, and because if Ireland has the privilege of making laws she can declare herself an independent state—therefore she *will* declare herself an independent state, and therefore, in the words of Daleth, "Great Britain must be totally separated from Ireland." Admirable logician! If a man have liberty of action in the neighbourhood of a precipice, he may, if he chooses, fling himself over, and therefore he *will* fling himself over. Really, Daleth seems to set infinitely less value upon

the connexion than we in Ireland do. Let him be assured we know too well the advantages which are derivable from it to estimate it so lightly; and nothing short of absolute necessity, nothing less than the preservation of our liberties, would tempt us to hazard its solution. It is a connexion decreed by nature herself in the juxta-position of the islands; and, though it is possible that circumstances may on some occasion or other sever it for a short period, the necessity of its renewal would be too obvious to be long overlooked.

Having got rid of these objections, let us view the prominent evils which have sprung out of the Union. The great and leading one is absenteeism, whose fruits are becoming every day more bitter and deleterious. Never can capital grow in a land which annually exports more than its surplus produce to satisfy the demands of an absentee proprietary.—Never can any measure of English legislation counterbalance or obviate that consequence of the Union, which the Times of the 17th Inst. (Jan. 1833) calls—"the master, the giant grief—the atrocious treatment of the lower class of tenantry by their landlords—the true key, indeed, to the recent history and intolerable state of Ireland." Let Scotch philosophy array itself in what garb of assumed wisdom it may—let it utter its political dogmas with all the solemn self-sufficiency of the Solons of the Edinburgh Review—it must put more Scotch pebbles in its mouth ere it convince the people of Ireland, that the annual abstraction of the produce of the

country, through absenteeism, without any return, does not pauperise the nation, exactly in the same manner in which continual crops would render barren the soil where no compost was spread out to maintain its fertility. Every year since the Union has given us full, but not satisfactory, assurance of this truth. The strength of our infant manufactures was strangled in their birth, branch after branch our trade has declined, our best market (the home* market) has consequently been destroyed, and our agriculturists are reduced to worse than the condition of the feudal tenantry.† That these are consequences of the result of the Union, the regular progression of the evils fully demonstrates. They have gone on (with a few periods of exception easily accounted for) doubling their increase in the degree of their distance from the time of our independence.

This, though perhaps not the worst, is the most obvious evil, as it interferes with our very first

* In every country, the home market, as it is nearest and most convenient, so it is likewise the greatest and most important for corn. But the extent of the home market for corn must be in proportion to the general industry of the country where it grows, or to the number of those who produce something else, and, therefore, have something else, or what comes to the same thing, the price of something else, to give in exchange for corn.

Wealth of Nations, Book 4th chap. 5th.

† Those who were not bondsmen were tenants at will; and though the rent which they paid was often nominally little more than a quit-rent, it really amounted to the whole produce of the land.

Wealth of Nations, Book 2d. chap. 3d.

appetite by opposing our means of subsistence.—Does any country in the world exhibit so many anomalies as this? In a climate the most genial, with a soil the most fertile, and with a population able and willing to avail itself of the advantages held out by that clime and soil, we are, at one and the same time, sending out of the land food to seek consumers and consumers to seek food. A few weeks since, ship loads of young, lovely, healthy, and virtuous girls, of their own free accord, transported themselves from the land of their birth, severed all the finer feelings by which they were bound to the scenes and associations of their infancy, tore asunder the ties of friendship and kindred, which it is the peculiar boast of the Irish people to cultivate and cherish, and, merely that they may live, sought to connect themselves, in the closest bonds, with the outlaws and cast-aways of the very social system which they had just abandoned. A few days since, some young lads in the House of Industry, attempted to fire that establishment that they may be transported for the crime. To nothing else but misgovernment can this state of society be attributed: "Give us good orders and they will make us good men, is the maxim of a Legislator, and the most infallible in the politics." The same writer* further on says, "The errors of the people are occasioned by their governors. If they be doubtful of the way, or wander from it, it is because their guides mislead them; and the guides of the people are never so well qualified

* Harrington.

for leading by any virtue of their own, as by that of the government (laws):" and, again, he adds—"Where countries are divers in their laws, and yet are to receive laws one from the other, neither the commonwealth-giving law knows what to give, nor the commonwealth receiving law understand what she receives: *in which case the union returns to force or confusion.*

The great social evils, which spring out of the union, are too numerous to be detailed in an essay so short as the design of this necessarily renders it. But the principal and fountain of the ills, is the want of sympathy with, or knowledge of the Irish people, on the part of the great majority of those who decree the laws by which that people must submit to be governed. Public opinion has no influence here.—it does not reach our legislators, who sitting apart from its echoes, shroud themselves behind the responsibility of five or six hundred others and actually play hide and seek with their constituency in the British House of Commons. Now and again—when some fierce outbreak of popular discontent exhibits itself in a form too threatening to be overlooked, and springing from a cause too deep seated and wide spread to be skinned or filmed over by a proclamation or an insurrection act; some short paragraph in a king's speech shews that we yet live in the ministerial memory, and one or two debates in the house, just procure us so much of relief as may soothe the festering present, but holds out no hope for the future: a couple of the

leading London journals (one on the opposition and one on the ministerial side) has each an essay, in its own peculiar style, on Irish turbulence; and prove to a demonstration, that, (like the flogging drummer) let England strike high or low, there is no pleasing us. Such has been the case, until Ireland discovered that, "If her liberty be not a *root* that *grows*, it will be a *branch* that *withers*."* Upon that discovery we are beginning to act; and, now that we have assumed our proper port—now that we seek what we should from the commencement have sought, now that a nation demands a nation's right, the Times, the Sun, the Globe, Daleth, and the rest, set themselves anxiously to work to point out Irish abuses, and are eager to procure us every thing but the one thing needful. This sympathy of the English press is ever a day behind hand in Ireland; and generally comes in such a questionable shape as tempts us to doubt of its sincerity. But a few posts since, the Times was all "blood and thunder" with regard to Irish agitation. The leaders were to be put down, meetings prohibited, and the ministry were, with a high hand, to "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war" amongst the disturbers. Now the tone is changed again—*tempora mutantur*—the Times becomes pitiful—the Irish, indeed, have much to complain of; they have a right to be clamorous: let them state their grievances; let these grievances be put in a train for redress: but muzzle them upon repeal.

* Harrington.

Why is all this? The reason is obvious. All the questions hitherto mooted here were two-sided.—They were mingled with sectarian prejudices, and broken by party division. We had not as yet contended for any thing truly national: some matter in which all had a direct and palpable interest. We have at length alighted upon such a subject. The discussion of Repeal will bring together men of all sects and parties. A question so purely national, will tend to nationalise all those who are brought within the sphere of its agitation: its simplicity must win men to its support: its obvious advantages only require to be pointed out to be acknowledged; the divide-and-conquer system of the empire begins to shake to its foundation, and all the monopolies that have been built upon it (of which the Times is not the least) topple to their ruin.

The Courier (Jan. 19) says, that "the Repeal would be resisted by all the power of the British Government, united with the British people."—That it would, and will be resisted by the British Government is obvious. When was there a government in Britain that, of their own free will, proposed any measure of benefit for any part of the empire? The present one only follows in the wake of public opinion, urged on by party views, and bound by pledges, given when *out* of office for the purpose of getting *in*. Does not every one perceive that, even from the Whigs, public opinion is obliged to wring the concessions made to it, and how far

behind the intelligence of the nation its legislation lags. Ireland looks for nothing from a British ministry, except what she can wrest from them; but from the British people she seeks, she demands that, which, by bettering her condition, must improve their own. As a matter of justice she demands it: and surely, a people so moral as the English will not hesitate to be just, if it be shewn that, in this instance, principle and prudence go hand in hand.

Of their own accord the people of England should ere now have sought a Repeal of the legislative union, Nothing but the stupid pride of national domination could have so long prevented them from seeing the evils which, even to themselves, spring directly and indirectly out of the measure. By her own weight will she eventually be crushed. Can any one, who looks with thinking eyes back upon the period of the last thirty years, doubt, that if English and Irish interests* had not been mixed (they never were mingled) together in a British parliament, long before 1833, a reformed House of Commons would have deliberated in St. Stephens, and England would have been the arbitress of, not the mediator in, the affairs of Europe. The two countries have been the dupes of an oligarchical faction—played off against each other by those tools of the party so well described in the Westminster

* The word should have been topics. The only interest studied in Parliament were these of the oligarchy.

Review, under the title "Political Adventurers;" and, though Ireland has been the more sadly fleeced of the two, England has been the most decidedly humbugged.

How frequently, within the last twenty years, have the most serious deliberations of the British Parliament been broken in upon and put aside by the affairs of this country? Would it not appear as if we were destined to be the scourge of the English: to "Divide their councils, shake their public safety?" A consideration of their history will shew that we were but tools in the hands of their and our task masters: to be used when it was the policy to attract their attention from any abuse on which it was too directly and stedfastly fixed, and make them turn from the domestic to, what they were taught to consider as, the Irish enemy. Putting humanity out of the question, Sir Joseph York's wish (extending it from hours to centuries) would be one of the happiest possible events for English liberty.

Both countries have been ruined by the legislative connexion, but not in an equal degree. The presence of the deliberative assembly in England gave public opinion there a more powerful sway. Some concessions were found necessary to be made to the people, and cajollery was compelled to assume a thicker disguise under which to carry on its deceptions. With Ireland it was different; no veil was used, no disguise was attempted. The neglect to which she was consigned was trumpeted forth in the

Commons; and an "Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, in one of his official speeches, apologised to the assembly for taking up their time with Irish affairs; but hoped the house would do him the justice of admitting, that he troubled them upon that subject as seldom as possible."*

But for the Union the Whigs and Tories could not so long have kept up the political trickery, by which the British nation was not only juggled out of all it had in possession, but induced to pawn its labor and industry for a sum the bare interest of which it takes their utmost exertions to pay up. Had it been proposed to the people of England to make annual grants to the full amount of the present sinecures, and official salaries no whit differing from sinecures, they would have at once, unhesitatingly, and to the last drop of their blood resisted the bare-faced proposition: and yet, there would be more wisdom in acceding to it—at least the expense would have been infinitely less—than in tamely submitting to the round about manner in which these things are now drawn from them. To keep up the seeming of liberty, and make John Bull believe that he is the *bona-fide* master of the very money out of which he is swindled by those political jugglers, a most expensive machinery (for every atom of which he pays) has been constructed; and, for every guinea which the mountebanks appropriate to themselves, four or five others, are heedlessly wasted through

* Barrington.

the complexity of the mode by which they abstract it. *

The two parties (the Whigs and Tories) who between them have reduced those countries to their present distressed condition, delight in complexity and involution. The more they clog the machinery of government with additions and alterations, the better able will they be to remove from one part to the other, and shift entirely from themselves, the blame which should attach to their measures. The whole history of our recent legislation bears testimony to this. The men who are chosen to fill ministerial situations are, not those versed in the science of politics, but, for the most part, superficial smatterers, who have capability enough to sprinkle a little of the diamond dust of shewy talent over the robe of office, to dazzle the vulgar and unthinking. Forms and ceremonies—"the privilege of the house" as they call it—are more attended to than matters of high and national moment. A curious instance of this was exhibited a few years ago on the regency question. Some negotiations were going on, by

*And the consequence has been, that in one shape or other, and under various degrees of transfusion, modification, preplexity, puzzle, and circuitousness, the industrious classes have been saddled with the keep and maintenance of those which have been the law-makers; the oppressive classes all the time keeping up an outcry of danger to property, whilst behind it they were organizing the means of taking every body's property themselves.

Westminister Review, No. 27, article, East India and China Trade.

which the Whig leaders expected to get into place—a sort of compromise of professed principle between the two parties. Towards the end of the sessions, when all the great Whig questions had passed by, the Tories, with their usual tact, broke off the negotiations. The Whigs were savage at being thus taken in. On what ground could they meet their enemies? The Catholic question was settled, the Dissenters' bill was also accommodated, the Jew disscussion had passed by, the corn-question was not ripe, and Reform was trodden down by its own pretended advocates. What was to be done in this emergency? They had only to dress out the Regency question in what popularity it was susceptible of, and make it a ground of contest. The discussion came on; but Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, finding he could make nothing of his subject, took to personalities, and called those on the other side "flatterers" of the Duke of Wellington, his "mean and fawning parasites." This was trenching on the ground of "privilege," which it is the interest of both parties to hold sacred; for, though they may fight like dogs for place, they take care, as each expects some time or other to attain it, not to impair in the slightest degree the appendages of that which may one day be their own. Mr. Peel demanded an explanation. One, not deemed sufficient, was accorded. Something still more explicit was required; and the Whig champion was obliged to swallow his own words, and say that he did not mean to apply them to any person in particular.

To assist in a game like this, nothing could be more timely, or apropos than the Union. It was carried at a period when the question of Reform had taken root in England, and it retarded that measure nearly thirty years. What millions have not the people of England paid for this "whistle" of domination. Long since, the evil of legislative Unions was foretold, by Harrington, to the British people. His words are these,

"The new, unpractised, and heretofore unheard Union (as it is vulgarly spoken) with Scotland, by uniting deputies of divers nations, not in a council apart, or by way of States General, as in the United Provinces, but in the standing councils of some one commonwealth in the league, *is destructive to liberty both in England and in Scotland.*

"If the commonwealth of England receives deputies from Scotland in a greater number than that of her own, she receives law from a foreign interest, and so loses her own liberty

"If Scotland be received in an equal number, it obstructs the freedom of both, or occasions war or dissension

"If Scotland be received in an inferior number, she receives law from England, and so loses her liberty. *The like is understood of Ireland.*

"Whereas a well ordered commonwealth should give the balance to her confederates, and not receive it from them; the councils in which divers others are united, though in a far inferior number of deputies, yet if these lie in wait, or *lay their heads*

together, may be overruled, *obstructed*, or overbalanced by foreign interests."

Here is a prediction, uttered nearly two hundred years since, and yet fulfilled to the very letter, and with more than the precison of prophecy. Who does not see that those unions have been "destructive to liberty" in England, Ireland and Scotland; and who can fail to behold in the present temper of the Irish members, the "laying together of heads," and the "over-ruling and obstructing," so clearly foreseen, and so accurately foretold by this learned and prophetic writer. The results, to England, which would follow upon Repeal, would be of the very first importance. No longer distracted by the divisions which Irish subjects are so well calculated to excite, the whole force of public opinion, instead of being wasted upon topics foreign to her interest, would be entirely directed to the furtherance of these great political objects, on which discussion is exhausted, and about which the public mind has been long since made up. Ireland, knowing her own ills, and able of herself to point out the remedies, would advance in a degree even greater than that which in her short period of independence she before exhibited. If, with a House of Commons as rotten as corruption could make it—a self selling Judas—she achieved so much prosperity, what would she not perform represented by men, freely chosen of the people, and really anxious to forward the interest of their fellows. The two countries would enter

into a competition of utility. They would not be (as in the case of the present ill-conceived union) like two chained hounds each impeding the other in its progress; but, like two well bread sporters set upon the scent of one common interest, they would excite and animate each other in the glorious race.

Daleth says, in his fourth letter, (speaking of any division which in the event of Repeal may arise between the two legislatures because of a ministerial veto) "Would Ireland submit to this decision of a British Cabinet: No, No! Ireland would resist the wrong in her national capacity: she would hurl defiance at England as she severed the last chain that bound them together, and, unable to defend herself against a nation so powerful, would throw herself into the arms of France, America, or any country proffering assistance."

Daleth is mistaken here. Ireland is not such a flirt as to throw herself into the arms of the first gay gallant who may take up the cudgels for her. She is rather too ancient a spinster not to know the value of self-control; and, when she shall have regained her independence, Daleth may be sure she will not be in a hurry to part with it. This is not the place to enter into a controversy on the capability of Ireland to defend herself against any aggressor: but there have been men who gave the subject deep consideration—whose bounden duty and whose dearest interest it was to canvass it with the

closest scrutiny—and they came to the conclusion, that Ireland could support herself against the combined powers of France and England.*

A writer, somewhat better skilled in political philosophy than Daleth, (Harrington) contemplates a state of things in which it may, indeed, be the interest of Ireland to seek a connexion with France; but Repeal if timely granted, and with a good grace, would obviate this position. If (says Harrington) France Italy and Spain were not all sick, all corrupted together, there would be none of them so; for *the sick would not be able to withstand the sound nor the sound to preserve their health without curing the sick.* The first of these nations (which, if you stay her leisure, will in my mind be France) that recovers the health of ancient Prudence, shall certainly govern the world." Let England look to this: let her hasten "to recover her health;" let her not "stay the leisure" of France, who is every hour, and at every hazard, endeavouring to purge herself to a sound and pristine health. Should she become convalescent before England she will assuredly "cure" us; and as we only want health, it is not of much consequence who may be the physician that brings it.

In what a position would England have long since been, had she only done justice to Ireland. What carnage would have been averted, what wars avoided: what hundreds of millions saved: how different would be the aspect of Europe. The indignant

* Evidence of M'Nevin, Emmett and O'Connor.

world would not have witnessed the first partition of Poland, nor would the cheeks of Englishmen burn with shame at the recitation of the more recent horrors perpetrated upon that devoted land. The garden of Europe would not be in possession of the Austrian tyrant, nor would the impending barbarism of Russia hang threatening over the continent. Every civilized state in the world would now be cultivating or cherishing free institutions; and every language on the earth would utter blessings upon England, the patroness and protector of mankind.

The measures proposed by Daleth, advocated by the *Sun*, and strenuously urged on by the *Times*, would (if they could possibly be carried properly through the united Parliament), greatly serve this country; but they are only preludes to Repeal.—They may delay that measure for a very short time, but they will eventually render its success more certain. Every abuse corrected in Ireland throws thousands into the ranks of the Repealers. They contend, not against the independence of the country, but for the system of misgovernment upon which they fatten. Do away with this, and an enemy to Repeal will not be found in Ireland. If corporations be abolished, grand jury jobs restricted; tithes, church rates, and all ecclesiastical exaction done away with, national pride, undivided by party feeling or interested views of self-aggrandisement, must of necessity, from the very nature of man, demand a national independence. Ireland

must in a very few years behold a domestic parliament legislating in the capital: and England, if she would fit herself for the position which it would become her to assume and to assert, in events and changes which are close at hand, should accede to a friendly nation's just demand with the best grace possible.

THE LATE JAMES LUDLOW STAWELL.

Jucundum lumen ademtum.—CATULLUS.

Shalt thou descend,
Unsung, into the tomb where patriot-worth—
Hereditary and inherited—
Hath heralded thy passage, and no tongue
Proclaim the setting of another star
In Erin's dimm'd horizon?—Stawell! no:
Thy name is Freedom's watchword, and thy race
Have been a people's idols. Not for wealth—
Not for the title that a King may give,
Nor wide extent of sway, nor swelling pomp,
Nor length of ancestry. If these are boasts,
Thou could'st have boasted. All that vulgar minds
Build high pretensions on, were thine:—wealth, rank,
Station, descent, connexion, intercourse—
All that the thoughtless call nobility.
Thou had'st another standard for the title,
Than these poor accidents of name or birth.
WHO made thy heart gave it a higher impress,
And stamp'd nobility upon thy nature.
Thy very form gave proof of it. Indeed,
It was a casket worthy to enshrine
The spirit of thy sire's decendant.
Stawell!
We have lost much in thee, and at a time
When thou could'st least be spared. Thy generous mind-
Ardent, but tempered by benevolence,
And somewhat softened down by time—had been
A treasure in the period that may come.
Even those who most opposed respected thee:—
They call'd thy notions wild, chimerical,
But never hinted at dishonesty,
Or deemed a selfish motive urged thee on
To advocate thy fellows. Calumny
Seeks a high mark, they say, to fling her darts at;
But thou stood'st even too high for calumny—
Her weapons never reached thee.—Pardon, shade
Of him in life beloved, in death regretted,
This feeble effort to record thy worth:
Living, I would not flatter thee; and, dead,
No words of mine can picture thy deservings.

THE LATE JOHN BOYLE.

Poor Boyle! He was one of the last of a race now nearly extinct; and, yet, in addition to the general features by which they were recognized, he retained peculiarities sufficiently strong to mark his distinct idiosyncracy. What a humourous time, and a laughter-loving world it was when he was in his hey-day. Pleasure was man's business and business was but a bore to which they were sometimes compelled to devote a little attention. Poor Boyle! "None but himself could be his parallel." What an interesting volume he would have written under the title of "My Reminiscences." There was a truth and a homeliness in the matter and the manner of his fireside stories, that wrought them out to the mind's eye with the strength, and something of the harshness, of a bold line engraving. He gave you a character in a few strokes; yet, though those were sufficient, he would finish it with a minuteness of detail, which pictured forth the man to his very shoe-tie. His mind was cast in a Hogarthian mould, as far as regarded his oral communications; but when he wrote, something of the severer spirit of Churchill mingled itself with the ludicrous perceptions of the comic moralist. His tongue only tickled; but with the grey-goose-quill he smashed and mangled as with a tomahawk.

Very few knew Boyle's private character. Indeed, of late, he did not mix much in private intercourse, except with a very few friends of long standing, or a still fewer intimate acquaintance of more recent formation: but then how full of interest was his conversation. The subject, which with other men is most tedious, he rendered most captivating, and the first person singular became in his narrative the dearest and most welcome of the pronouns. Would any man believe that he was bashful, even to timidity? That a fellow who in public life feared nothing, nobody: who would thwart the rush of public opinion, oppose the multitude, beard a leader, or defy the authorities, would, in private life before strangers, shrink and blush with the awkardness of an unbrought-out girl? yet so it was. Boyle should be personally intimate with every body in the presence before he assumed his own, indeed before he exhibited any character. Let a stranger enter and at once he became tongue-tied.

As is the case with almost all small men, his sensibilities were quick and lively to an extraordinary degree; but they generally took a fair direction, or, if they swerved from the direct, they still leant to virtue's side. A tale of oppression stirred him to excess of indignation, whilst misery ever won his sympathy. He had a heart, and, as far as his small means went, a hand too—"open as day to melting charity."

There is not a man in the city (nobly benevolent as many of them are) who, for his circumstances, dispensed more private bounty than poor Boyle;

and he found in his own honest feelings the best and most sterling recompence.

The great want of his character—and it arose partly out of the instinctive goodness of his disposition—was a fixed *sense of duty*. A mere creature of impulse, he indulged all his sentiments, but overlooked the obligations by which society is bound together. He gratified every feeling as it rose, and knew no check but necessity. He did not discover that self-denial was a virtue; and that we owe as much of our happiness to the dispositions that we subdue, as to those in which we indulge. The consequence was, that he became rather a hanger on, than a participator of society: amongst them but not of them. Acknowledging no duties to his kind, they felt themselves freed from any obligations to him; and, within the local and circumscribed sphere in which he moved, he led a life as vagabond as if he were a wide-world's wanderer. What opportunities did he not omit, what great capabilities did he not suffer to lie fallow! Without reading he became informed; without study he wrote well—generally with point, sometimes with power. He was a lucid, correct, frequently a convincing, and often a powerful speaker. Had he added industry to his talent he would have made himself as much respected as he was liked, and been an ornament to a far higher circle than that in which he moved.

The bar would have been the theatre upon which to exhibit his talents. His great tact and quickness

his immediate perception of character, the clearness of his narrative style, and the force and vehemence of his appeals, would there have greatly sustained him. His quickness of repartee, too, would have been a most useful quality. There is a curious story illustrative of this. The late John Stack, and some other gentlemen, were sitting in a box at the old Crown, opposite which Boyle was seated in another. Some dispute arose between the parties, which ended in indictments. In the course of the inquiry, the presiding Magistrate said, "Mr. Boyle did you know any of these gentlemen upon whose conversation you thus obtruded yourself?" "Yes," replied Boyle, "I knew Mr.—— the attorney." The gentleman thus alluded to put his hand upon his breast, and with an air of deep solemnity, said, "I assure your Worship I have no acquaintance with Mr. Boyle." Boyle immediately replied, "I thank you—upon my soul I thank you —you have done me a great favor, but you know *I was on my oath* and could not deny it." This sally, of course, got the laugh against his opponent.

Boyle did go in early life to Dublin for the purpose of studying the law; but, calling upon an acquaintance who was engaged in the same pursuit, and seeing the numerous volumes which he was told formed only a small portion of what a lawyer should read, he immediately abandoned all notion of the profession. The leading and inherent vice of his character evinced itself. A *duty* was to be performed; and he had no notion of overcoming difficulties,

except those which instinct or inclination prompted him to surmount.

His life was a strange one. "He had no brother and was like no brother." He was, indeed, "himself alone;" yet, though he kept (as far as domestic intercourse was concerned) quite aloof from his kind; his spirit was social, and his interest in humanity as active as if he had bound himself to the human family by the usual ties which cement them in kindred.

Circumstances, and the period of society in which he first lived, tended in a great degree to mould his character. Left, in early youth, lord of himself, that sort of life so happily described in Castle Rackrent, and which was then only beginning to yield to better influences, won upon his imagination, and suited his temperament. Let them sneer as they will at the march of intellect, it certainly has proceeded with no little progress in Ireland. Things laughed at fifty years ago would be highly, and properly, censured now. It would appear as if the fantastic costumes of our ancestors gave them a title to something similar in their manners. We, of the present day, at least, have, with our modes, come down to a common standard of manners. What would be thought of a physician, like Sir John Hely, if he were caught of a morning by some modern Lord Barrymore, and kept all day playing whist: gambling until he lost the last *support* of his inexpressibles, buttons, knee-buckles, and all: *and obliged to* toddle home, making his hands do

the office of temporary suspenders. Yet Sir John was not looked upon as a whit less able or eligible in his professional capacity. What professional man of the present day would dream of mortgaging a child in the small-pox, as the same celebrated physician did ? Being engaged to attend a child of Mr. C—— of Bally—— and, as usual, in want of cash, he called on Sir Richard Kellett to raise a sum of £20 "Why," replied Sir R. "you are already in my books to a reasonable amount, and what surety have I that this money will be paid." "Oh," answered the Doctor, "I am attending the son of Mr. C—— of B—— who is ill of small-pox, and I will mortgage my patient to you. The least I can get is £20 and upon my honor I will hand it over:" The notion of so new a species of mortgage tickled Sir Richard's fancy, and the money was advanced. When young C—— recovered his father handed the Doctor a draft for ten pounds on Mills and Falkner. Sir John looked aghast. It was ten pounds less than the mortgage. At length he observed, "Why Mr. C—— I could not think of taking this to the bank; all the puppies in the concern would laugh in their sleeves to think that Sir John Hely, the first physician of the day, was put off with £10 for so close an attendance by one of the leading men and first landed proprietors in the county. Had it been cash I should not have noticed it; but a draft, a draft on the bank!"—The remonstrance had the desired effect, and Sir John was enabled to pay off this novel and extraordinary mortgage. Such examples

must have exercised a powerfully injurious influence upon the growing generation.

To enumerate the various scrapes in which Boyle got himself engaged would fill up volumes; but to give them their due interest he should be himself the narrator. Take one as an example. Shortly after the Freeholder was set up, an old gentleman, a Mr. R. M ——, made off with his daughter's governess. Boyle put it upon his Freeholder as a Gretna-green transaction. A nephew of the old gentleman—a most pragmatical little coxcomb—called for an explanation. He met Boyle's partner, a Mr. M. in the passage to the office, and commenced a volley of abuse; upon which M. a stout burly little fellow, kicked him instantly over the threshold. In the rencounter the little Dandy's top-coat remained in the hall. It was seized upon by Boyle, and hung out of the window, with the name of the owner on the back, in commemoration of the recent victory. All Cork collected about the house. The authorities, fearing a riot,attended with a military force; and demanded the coat, the cause of the tumult. Boyle, who looked upon this in the light of a capitulation, refused to comply. He insisted his house was his castle, and defied them to force an entrance. The coat was found in the hall and he had it for the owner, as soon as that owner identified it by the proper marks and tokens. This lasted for some time, to the great amusement of the populace, with whom the little count, who claimed the coat, did

not stand in the highest odour. At length Boyle granted a parley, and ultimately agreed to give up the coat; not as a right, but through courtesy to the Mayor, and as a personal compliment.

Speaking of the Freeholder, that eccentric periodical deserves a little notice. Previously to its establishment, Boyle drew his principal support from the receipts of a debating society; a mode of maintenance, though not the most respectable, by no means dishonourable. But a revenue depending upon a thing so mutable as taste, was not to be calculated on; besides, when the institution was in its most palmy state, Boyle himself was arrested and sent up to the Marshalsea. Still, however, the establishment was kept open, and his friends transmitted him the receipts. On being freed from the Marshalsea—a circumstance which was effected with great skill, by intercepting for a time the Dublin papers, and, when that was found no longer practicable, making drunk the agent who conducted for his detaining creditor—he returned to Cork and projected the Freeholder. The conception of such a paper shewed great tact, and a thorough knowledge of the city. There was no other place, perhaps, in the empire, where such a paper could be started with any probability of success. The City was just of a size to suit its existence; large enough to furnish it with matter and support, and yet small enough to excite a taste for gossip, and make every body desirous to pry into the concerns of his neighbours. The state of society too, broken up into numerous

gradations, tended greatly to establish and uphold it; whilst the love of fun and frolic transmitted from the last generation, furnished food and appetite.

Though a disreputable publication enough; it certainly, like adversity, had its uses, and not unfrequently bore a precious jewel in its head. It is a shrewd doubt whether the circumstances of the times did not call for and warrant its existence. It assuredly did punish and check much scoundrelism; and in an eminent degree fulfilled the boast of its motto,

> "Yes; I am proud, I must be proud to see
> "Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me."

The times in which it first started were decidedly not very literary. Some pretenders to taste, not knowing that the motto was a quotation, attributed the couplet to Boyle himself, and affected to discover in it downright blasphemy. What, after all, was the great fault of the Freeholder? It was no more than Persius, Juvenal, or Horace, save that it sometimes substituted names for numbers. It undoubtedly did much good, in its way; but, as Denis Brulgruddery says of the Bailiff, "The law is a good thing, now and again, in its way. Something like physic. We all know that it is sometimes wholesome to bleed, but nobody falls in love with the leech." Let us be favorable to the departed Freeholder. Though it had its faults they were overbalanced by its usefulness. It checked presumption, *chid vanity,* and cherished virtue: it chastened

insolence, scouted vice, tempered authority, lashed bigotry, and ridiculed folly. It was no respecter of persons. The peasant and the peer were alike amenable to its strictures, and power in the culprit only heightened the severity of the flagellation. It called forth and fostered much of our local talent, and not unfrequently kept the more pretending portion of the press in order. Amongst the many clever contributions it received, some of the humourous poems were very first-rate. Those especially, of the witty writer of "De piece o'plate," "Major Massy O," "The Distillers' dinner." In this last particularly, the stanza with the line—

"His shins wid' de wind for a breeches."

is of surpassing humour, both for expression and conception. The notion is exquisitely ludicrous.

Poor Boyle! He died just when he ought. The world was leaving him, not he the world. Had he lived but six years longer it would have been somewhere beyond his reach, even out of his vision. He might have been physically existent amongst us, but society would have been morally lost to him. He died of finding this out. Had he remained in Cork the discovery would not have been made so soon or so abruptly. He might have lingered here for a little time, and gone off from the bustle gradually: but in Limerick he had no air. He was there *in vacuo*, and died for want of an atmosphere. He expired by prematurely discovering that JOHN BOYLE WAS NO MORE!! Poor fellow—what he *might* have been!

O'SULLIVAN'S FLIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.*

* * * * * * * * * *

Well did M'Geoghegan fulfil
The charge committed to his skill:
Wildly, and bloodily, the strife
Was waged by conquest against life:
Bold were the forces of Carew,
The Castle's guard were stern and true —
And still the siege went on:
And battery and battlement,
From each to each red ruin sent;
The outer-wall in twain is rent,
The Northern tower is won.

* * * * * * * * *

Yet still M'Geoghegan supplied
In energy, what strength denied:
Yet undismay'd, his lessening power
Entrench'd them in the Southern tower.
Dunboy has yet defenders high,
Resolved to save it or to die:
The hail-shot still rained redly down
Upon the fierce assailant's crown—
But—hark! What sudden cry?
Coleman has fallen, that gunner bold,
Whose deadly skill so truly told;
Slingsby the Southern tower has gained;
But many a heart's blood must be drained
Ere yet 'tis victory.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* For a detailed account of this interesting portion of Irish history—which the nature of these lines allows the writer to give only in piecemeal and by allusion—see M'Gregor's "Stories from the History of Ireland," *second series* page 392.

Before, behind, above, below,
Hemm'd in by the surrounding foe,
Conquered, but unsubdued, a band
Desperate but daring, made a stand
At where a narrow space gave scope
For battle still, though none for hope.

And one was there, whom nought could tame;
Conquering, or conqnered, still the same:
Resolve was in his steady eye,
That gazed on death, or victory,
As if to each his stedfast mind
An equal value had assign'd.
With courage vain, and desperate skill,
His little band he marshall'd still;
Resolved to make that pass-way be
Bloody as old Thermopyle.

Oh! for ten thousand, such as thee,
M'Geoghegan! and if the strife
Were for all mankind's liberty,
And that the earth with slaves were rife
As summer trees with summer leaves,
Or dew-drops upon summer eves,
And bent to do the tyrant's will—
To bind, to grind, ride down and kill—
With these ten thousand—urged, as one,
By love of liberty alone—
How soon the night of Despots sway
In freedom's light would melt away.
But what can patriot virtue do
Assail'd by numbers, back'd by few?—
Fight, to the last, for victory,
Or fall, M'Geoghegan! like thee!

* * * * * * * *

A remnant of that little band
Still made a last and desperate stand;

Though sadly thinn'd, by death and flight,
Still resolution gave them might:
See, mid the war-stores, Taylor stand—
A lighted torch is in his hand :—
Dunboy! thy hour is come!
'Tis but one touch, and, high in air,
Blown to a thousand fragments there,
All, now who in the battle share,
Must share one common doom!
But craven spirits will not dare
This last resource of brave despair,
And Taylor's stern intent is stay'd
By coward souls, of death afraid.

* * * * * * * * *

M'Geoghegan some life retain'd,
Some feeble strength as yet remain'd;
He to the powder rushed :—
But now the pass the Saxons gained,
And, in their circling arms constrain'd,
His heart's last life-stream gushed.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

And what is he, whose aching sight
Looks on the horrors of the night,
From steep Meesecuish's mountain height?
Who is that lone, and woe-worn man?
Bearhaven's Lord :—O'Sullivan!

It was not for his house's heir,
It was not for his lady fair,
That Dhonal Khoum sat sorrowing there;
In deep Glengariff's lonely wild,
Safely bestowed, his wife and child
Enjoy M'Sweeny's fost'ring care,
Who scales for them the eagle's lair,
Robbing the eaglets of their fare,
The prey with his high guests to share.*

For this Romantic tradition see M'Gregor's volume, before referred to, page 400.

No:—other thought has Dhonal now,
And other anguish rends his brow:
M'Geoghegan the brave is dead,
Collins and Taylor fallen or fled;
And he, their Leader and their chief,
Though near, could render no relief:
Dunboy, the birth-place of the bold,
Converted to a Saxon hold.
"Bearhaven! shall the stranger's view,
"As Lord, behold thy mountains blue;
"Gaze on thy plains, or hear the wave's
"Wild music in thy echoing caves?
"And must Knuckhuors heathery sod
"By stranger-steps in sport be trod?

But thoughts like these avail not here,
Nor suits the place the hunted deer.
Tyrrel, O'Connor yet are near,
Beyond thy ridges, Slievelogher.†
To join them is his only course,
And then speed on, by flight or force.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

From pass to pass, from hill to hill,
Wilmot pursues him hotly still:
From Slievemish to Glenflesk, no trace
Of his dominion marks the place,
Where flourished, once, his lordly race.
E'en food has failed—garran, sheep, cow,
Bearhaven's Prince commands not now;
In Ulster must he seek relief,
Since Munster spurns its noblest chief,

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

The writer, not knowing the euphony of those difficult sounds, doe not pretend to have preserved it. He merely looked to the syllabi *metre.*

Twas winter's depth, and deeper night,
When they commenced that dreary flight.
Safely they cross'd the Murdering glen,
And pass'd Iveleragh's mountains—when,
High on the Lee M'Carthy stood—
(Oh! ever be the name a ban,
That stain'd, with purest Irish blood,
The purest stream that ever ran.)
Fierce was the conflict, short the fray,
Bearhaven still pursued his way;
But not until his best had dyed,
With their heart's blood, that beauteous tide.

* * * * * * * * * *

Still, on and on, thro' bog and brake,
Their lone and devious way they take;
Avoiding, ever, as they could,
The Saxon hounds who still pursued.
But—worse than Saxons—on the way,
Prompt to mislead, quick to betray,
Their *own* the fugitives way-lay.

Barry of Buttevant! accurst
The breast thy infancy hath nurst!
Accurst the womb that gave thee birth!
Accurst be every spot of earth
On which thy recreant foot hath trod!
Accurst of man! accurst of God!

Liscarrol! desert be thy hall!
Thy banner be a funeral pall!
Let dank weeds round thy portal creep!
And the wild-fox thy watch tower keep!
Be barbacan, and battlement,
By the red lightning's ravage rent,
That turn'd their ruthless batteries
On fugitives so lorn as these!

Wild was the flight, but bloody too—
And well may the assailants rue
That Parthian fight, where those who flew,
Scarce suffer more than who pursue.
At length, on Bally-houra's height,
Ceases the warfare and the flight:
And Limerick's wide, and fertile plains,
Receives them in its rich domains.

Here rest, a space, these way-worn men,
But destined, soon, to trace again
The mountain paths, where high Gaultee
Rises in barren majesty.
On Suir's delightful banks, awhile,
They hope to stay them from their toil,
And taste the hospitable cheer
Of the rich abbeys, rising near,
Whose cloistered fronts, reflected, lie
In the clear river gliding by.
But Cashel's rock was scarce discerned,
When Dhonal from an out-scout learn'd,
That, with strong force, he just had seen
Tipperary's Sheriff palatine.

Again, again, in flight they pour
Between Clanwilliam and the Suir;
And scarcely stay the monk to bless,
Who fed them in their sore distress.
On, on with quick'ning haste they pass,
'Till by thy shrine, old Terryglass,
The Shannon stopp'd their further course,
Whilst still, behind, a threatening force
Fiercely pursues: Oh! what must be
Resolved in this extremity?
Before, in swollen majesty,
The Shannon spreads—a mimic sea—
Behind, the Sheriff furiously
Presses with horse and infantry.

* * * * * * * * *

He comes: But, see, in basket-boats,
  Of wicker ribs, and horse's hide,
Dhonal his little remnant floats.,
  In safety, o'er that swollen tide.
To Galway's shore uninjured borne,
They laugh the vain pursuit to scorn.
Well did the mountain horses stead
Their owners in the hour of need;
The skins convey'd them o'er the tide,
The flesh a welcome meal supplied.

* * * * * * * * *

On towards Clanrickard next they fled;
  But, there, a strong and Royal force,
By Thomas Bourke and Malby led,
  Fiercely oppose their further course.
Hope is no longer left in flight:
Now Dhonal! man thee for the fight.

Where a rude rock, in nature's sport,
Form'd on the spot a mimic fort,—
To which one only defile led,
Narrow and steep, whilst, overhead,
Dark woods in stern defiance lower,—
Dhonal entrench'd his lessen'd power.

Malby—brave Malby—who defied
All danger, first the pass-way tried:
Which, when O'Connor Kerry spied,
"Malby! my early friend!" he cried,
"Not a foot further, or your life
"Is victim to this desperate strife.
"My arquebuss was ever true,
"I would not prove its aim on you:
"I would not that your blood should rest
"Upon the hand, which thine had pressed
"In friendships grasp. Let us have way,
"*To where O'Rourke* maintains his sway,
"*Garran nor cow* of thine shall stray.

"Down, rebels! with your arms, or die!"
Was fiery Malby's fierce reply;
"Down with your arms; yield to the Queen:
"Her clemency will then be seen."

"*Her* clemency!" stern Dhonal cried—
"Her clemency! Oh! you who died
"In ruin'd Dunboy! and you—whose blood
"Crimson'd the white foam of the flood
"That flows beneath it—speak for me,
"And tell the Saxon's Clemency!
"Fire! fire upon the murderous crew;
"Hurra; O'Sullivan! aboo!*

The true-aim'd volley told too well,
And Malby, mid the foremost, fell;
Pity a heart so brave and high
In tyrant's cause should fight or die:—
But—see, the Saxon recreants fly!
"O'Connor! Tyrrel! Victory!"

* * * * * * *

In the hall of O'Rourke there is revel and feast,
And the minstrels are loud in their praise of the guest;
But strange are the echoes that fall on his ear,
Though his own welcome song to the wanderer is dear.

Dia bheatha, dia bheatha, dia bheatha, ad shlainte,
Dia bheatha ad shlainte a Ghradh geal mo stor;
Dia bheatha, dia bheatha, dia bheatha ad shlainte,
Dia bheatha ad shlainte Ui Shuilliobhain Mhoir.
Suilliobhain, Suilliobhain, Suilliobhain Bheara,
Suilliobhain, Suilliobhain, Sulliobhain Bheara;
Dia bheatha ad shlainte a Leinbh do Mhathar,
Dia bheatha ad shlainte Ui Shuilliobhain Mhoir.

* The war cry of O'Sullivan Beare.

ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

Hamlet has *no* character—therefore it is that the part cannot be played. It wants individuality. He has attributes, but they belong not to him but to his kind; they take no hue, no aspect from his peculiar conformation or temperament. An actor's attempt to pourtray him must of necessity be a failure. It is a mingled dream of poetry, passion, and repose, blent into such indivisible combination, that any attempt to exhibit one quality, covers up and conceals the others.

Shakspeare himself had no conception of, did not contemplate a corporeal Hamlet, with earthly form and pressure. It is but "a beautiful thought and gently bodied forth;" an exquisite and matchless incongruity. The poet, in framing it, resigned himself to the play of his imagination, not swaying but swayed by its power: or rather the vision created itself in his brain, without any effort of volition on his part to aid or shape the formation.

In the performance, the character of Hamlet varies through almost every scene. It is only in the mind of the reader that the poet, by some peculiar spell, contrives to preserve the individuality, and *suggests to you some* spiritualized and contemplative

abstraction. In one scene he is a critic, in another a quiz—a moralist, a plodder, a fantastic; and yet, though all the different characters are brought out in perfect distinctness, they are invested with a peculiar atmosphere, that, like mellowing moonlight, chastens down and refines them. Shakspeare himself had no distinct perception of the *form* which his Hamlet should present to the eye. We have a vague description of him, by Ophelia, which gives nothing but generalities—

> "The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
> "The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> "The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> "The observed of all observers."—

This panegyric would prompt us to figure forth something exquisitely finished and elegant; a form, though attenuated by sorrow and solicitude, still finely moulded in the exactest symmetry of graceful beauty; and a cheek, though faded by grief,

> "And sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

yet still preserving a high and classic expression of refined intellectuality. If he laboured under any bodily malady, it should be of some character which would endear the sufferer, and render him more touchingly interesting—like that of which it has been beautifully said, "The rose whose root is death." Nobody ever contemplated in

> "That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth."

a fat asthmatic Hamlet—Shakspeare could have no such conception—and yet he makes the Queen say, in the "foil scene,"—"He's fat and scant of breath."

Then, again, in his age, Shakspeare seems to overlook the character he desires to exhibit. By most readers Hamlet would be considered in his non-age; and this belief gathers strength from his intention of going back to his studies to Wittenberg. Yet we find, in another portion of the text, that Hamlet is exactly thirty years old.

Clown.—"Of all days in the year I came to it (grave-making) that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras."

Hamlet.—"How long's that since?

Clown.—"Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born. * * * I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years."

If thirty years be what Ophelia calls, "the feature of blown youth," she must have referred rather to Patriarchal than modern existence.

These incongruities, as well as every other contradiction in the character—his passion and spirituality: his love for Ophelia—

> "I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> "Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> "Make up my sum"—

and yet his harshness towards her; his desire for revenge—

> "Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
> "*And now* I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven, &c.

and his indecision and weakness in the execution of it—all can be accounted for, when we reflect that the poet was trying to keep together and combine the wronged and revengeful prince of Saxo Gramaticus' history, with the graceful, gentle, and thought-like vision of his own imagination.

Shakspeare would appear to have framed no plan for his Hamlet. Depending entirely upon the story already "extant," he suffered his mind to operate at its will upon the material before it. He shaped no particular course for his imagination to pursue—

> "But roam'd in the confusion of his heart,
> "Alive to all things, but forgetting all.

Hence Hamlet is a wit, a scholar, a metaphysician, a critic, a soldier, a lover, a courtier, but still a contemplative and visionary day-dreamer, whose chiefest and most chosen delight is languidly to revel and repose

> "In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
> "Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

How could an actor blend, preserve, and exhibit these various and contradictory combinations? His very presence—his real and palpable presence would destroy them. The mingled beauties may be preserved and held together in the closet, they separate and fly from the stage. There is so much for the mind of the reader to invest the character with, that no other mind but our own can perform the task. The reader who would conceive, must for the time be

himself the Hamlet. The idea which the poet would inspire must be created in our own soul, and by the operation of our own imagination. It can never be conjured up through the tones, the looks, the gestures of another. Why then go to see it performed?—Merely with a hopeless expectation of a remote possibility. One of those encouragings which we know can never be realized.

Hamlet is too ideal to be invested with individuality by any powers of representation. An attempt to enact any particular scene according to the text, is subversive of the general tone of the character.—Like the conceptions of perfect and abstract beauty in some of the antique statues, reality flies from the abstraction. Semblance to humanity is there, but too etherialized and sublimated for individual comparison. Even in portraitures of less animated vitality this distinction is discernable. Who does not at once distinguish between the *real* of Salvator Rosa and the *imaginary* of Claude Lorraine?

Some critics insist that John Kemble played Hamlet. There was too much hard distinctness, too severe an "outlining" in hisrepresentations to fall in and harmonize with the gentle spirit which so delicately breathes through Shakspeare's fond creation. It is for this charm, and this alone, we cling to it. The natural in passion and feeling is more strongly and distinctly depicted in other of the great master's works. The love of Romeo; the better expressed, though not so well-founded, revenge of Iago: super-*natural terror is* more highly wrought in the short

sketch of Brutus' "Evil Genius"—the very brevity makes it more effective: We have not time, as in Hamlet, to grow familiar with the object

"That makes our blood cold and our hair to stare."

Filial affection is more sentimental in the Cordelia, and more moral in the Edgar, of Lear. All, in short, of human weakness or human loveliness may be found in the other works of passion's painter: but the *charm*, the indescribable charm, which the poet does not *present to* but *excites* in the mind, is here, and only here.

A DAY ON THE LEE

It is a lovely picture to behold
Thy waters, Lee, when thy broad channel fills
With ocean's tribute. Sure the heavy God,
In all his varied visits, never view'd
More charming landscapes, than thy verdant banks
Present to the beholders. We, who gaze
Familiar on thy beauties, scarce discern
Their unmatched loveliness—thy towering hills,
Profusely crown'd with the most verdant boughs
That e'er old earth into a chaplet wove
To emblem her fertility—thy glades,
Where the rich Summer sunshine lingeringly
Reposes, as if loth to leave such spots
Of emerald beauty—thy gay promontory,
Tiara'd with sweet villas, intermixed
With pleasant groves, and open slopes, that bend
Their green sides down to meet thy waters, and
Appear as they would wish to lave within
The lucid waves—its graceful, tapering spire,
Rising o'er all, and losing its fine point
In ether, like infinity, defying
Perception of its end—all these are lost
To custom's blunted vision; 'till a change,
Made by some floating and unusual thing,
Awakes attention:—some full bellying sail,
Moving majestic on the peaceful tide,
Creates a new emotion by its own
Immediate presence, or the unwonted gap
Its intervention causes in the scene:—
Revives the sense of beauty in our souls,
And calls our early impress back again.
By him, *who for* the first time would behold
Thy beauties, Lee, let steam-boats be abhorred

With all their noisy sounds, and noisome smells.
All dilletanti friends let him eschew,
Who point out this or that peculiar view,
Who, with pet-spots, would rob his free-born mind
Of its own essence, its own right to find
What it delights in :—Let him hire a boat,
And, unaccompanied, in silence float
Down the sweet stream ; and let the beauteous whole
Create its own impressions on his soul :—
Think for himself, with his own optics see,
This is to pass " a day upon the Lee."

FINIS.